SOCIAL SCIENCES

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# NATIONAL REVIEW

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December 20, 1958

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

## *Down to the Firehouse*

JAMES J. KILPATRICK

## *Letter from Finland*

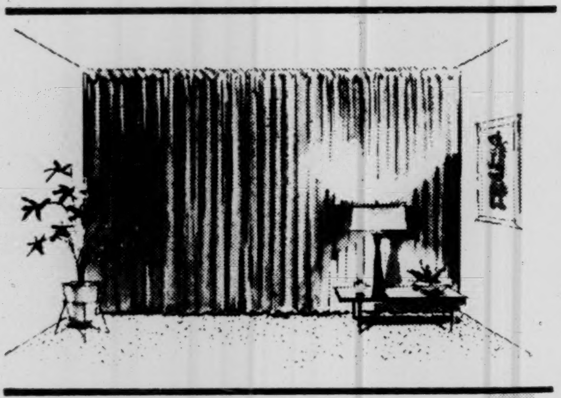
IRENE CORBALLY KUHN

## *Humbug in Academic Freedom*

MORTON CRONIN

*Articles and Reviews by* · · · · · FORREST DAVIS
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN · RODNEY GILBERT · M. STANTON EVANS
WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. · ANTHONY LEJEUNE · EDWARD CASE

# INSULATE while you DECORATE



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# NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Weekly, Inc. —alternately at Orange, Conn. and New York, N.Y. (second-class mail privileges authorized at Orange, Conn. and New York, N.Y.). Copyrighted 1958 in the U.S.A. by National Weekly, Inc.
Address changes, undeliverable copies, and subscription orders should be sent to:

EDITORIAL OFFICES
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

Published alternately at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn., and 225 Varick Street, New York 14, N.Y.
RATES: $15.00 a year ($8.00 for the 32-page issues published at Orange, Conn., and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published at New York, N.Y.). Add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.
By arrangement with the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, Inc. Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, the 32-page magazine is available to students and teachers at the special rate of $4.00 a year.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.
Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

# *For the Record*

Two prominent Soviet officials tried in recent months to defect, but so many memoranda floated through the Washington bureaucracy that the plan was compromised. One of the Russians has been recalled; the other is said to have made it to South America. . . . Though the dismissal of General Ivan A. Serov, Beria's successor, is a clear warning to his agents throughout the world that they may face recall and liquidation, Washington has yet to offer defectors asylum. . . . Between 25,000 and 30,000 refugees from Red China are arriving in Hong Kong daily.

The first organizational showdown between the AFL-CIO and its ousted Teamsters will center in the 600 employees of two new breweries in Tampa. Both Hoffa and Meany have sworn to fight to the limit of their resources. The AFL-CIO has $4.4 million on hand; the Teamsters, $40 million. . . . The International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, said to represent 55 million members, has threatened East Germany with a trade blockade if it cooperates with the Soviet attempt to change Berlin's status.

The young Japanese whose assault on a Red Chinese flag led to the cancellation of a $198 million trade contract has been convicted of a misdemeanor. The fine: $1.39. . . . The Povl Bang-Jensen case has been thrown out by the UN Administrative Tribunal, exhausting his last line of appeal through UN channels. Bang-Jensen, whose story will appear in NATIONAL REVIEW for January 3, was dismissed for his refusal to betray the names of the witnesses before the Committee on Hungary whose anonymity he had guaranteed. . . . Reversing an earlier decision, the USIA will offer The Ugly American, a fictional portrayal of the mismanagement of our aid program in the Middle East, for subsidized sale abroad. Director George Allen feared that otherwise the authors would be considered "other Pasternaks.". . . The Union of American Hebrew Congregations appealed to Jews to help relieve Arab refugees. "Israel, the Arab nations, and the world community," it said, "owe much to the Arab refugees, tragic victims of a changing world."

Public Action, Inc., which experimentally provided subscribers with brief, factual analyses of pertinent bills before Congress last year, will continue in response to popular demand. The address: 131 East 69 Street, New York, N.Y.

# *The WEEK*

● The Advantages of an Indian Training (SATYAGRAHA AT HYDE PARK)—From Mrs. Roosevelt's memoirs, Installment III, published Tuesday, December 2, 1958, in the *New York Herald Tribune*: "Another distinguished visitor to Hyde Park was Prime Minister Nehru of India, who came to luncheon one day . . . To an extent I had never before witnessed, Mr. Nehru has the power to concentrate. Once at a dinner, I noticed that he seemed to have completely detached himself from his surroundings. He ate but he obviously was 'not present.' He was far away and thinking about something entirely unrelated to the dinner-table conversation. On another occasion, I observed that he was not listening to what I was saying to him and, for the moment, was even unaware that I was trying to carry on a conversation. This power of self-detachment and concentration is less unusual in India. . ."

● For a moment there, before the Congress of American Industry, Paul Butler's charge that the Republicans met defeat because "sensible voters" would not fall for "the nineteenth-century hobgoblin" that a Democratic candidate was a "socialist, hair-brained, spendthrift radical . . ." seemed to bring the Grand Old Party back to life. Normally imperturbable Meade Alcorn jumped to his feet, discarded his prepared banalities to retort that "the dominant wing of the Democratic Party is controlled by . . . the Wayne Morses, the Soapy Williamses, the Hubert Humphreys and the Reuthers"; that it was the Administration's firmness on Quemoy and Matsu that inspired the country to resist Democratic "appeasement." But, alas, force of habit carried Mr. Alcorn along to the usual old conclusions: the Republicans are every bit as "progressive" at home and abroad as Democrats; so that, after all, no blood was drawn. Mr. Butler had aimed his sights at a "nineteenth-century hobgoblin," a Republican Party groping toward a free society, but became convinced that that Party is dead, so, though he pulled the trigger, the bullet whistled right through the ashes of the Republican mummy.

● The Geneva negotiations on banning nuclear tests are proceeding according to plan. Moscow's plan. Khrushchev's initial and sufficient triumph was to get us into such a negotiation in the first place. His second was to induce us to stop testing—as we have done. Now we must either continue our voluntary ban, whether or not a treaty comes out of the negotiations and with or without an inspection system (which is irrelevant to the main problem anyway), or we will be branded as upsetters of the peace, poisoners of the atmosphere, and lynchers of Negroes. As for the negotiations themselves, Comrade Tsarapkin and his aides conduct themselves according to the classic Communist rules. They sit tight, leak propaganda statements to the world press, and wait for us to make concessions. First we declare that the problems of a ban and of an inspection system are necessarily united. Then after a fortnight of *Nyets*, we separate them. First we say that the July technical conference agreed on the only adequate inspection system. Another few weeks of *Nyet* and we discard the July agreements. So it has gone; and so, alas, it will doubtless continue to go. Meanwhile our responsible scientists and soldiers, disciplined into public silence, plead frantically to Top Secret audiences that without continuing tests—which can be conducted by fallout-free methods—we cannot develop the weapons upon which our survival will depend.

● The fight to change Senate Rule 22 goes forward in the name of majority rule in a democratic society. If a majority of the members of the Senate want to close out debate (so goes the argument), they should have the power: the majority rules. We ask: shouldn't the Senate of the United States be abolished? If we are bent on refashioning our political institutions to reflect majority sentiment as accurately as possible, is it right that the Senate, in which representation is by state rather than population, should have equal powers with the House of Representatives? Twenty-five states representing less than 10 per cent of the population can battle legislation—as it was intended by the Founders a minority of the people, acting through their states, should be able to do. Will we see the majoritarian senators who are leading the fight against the filibuster rule go on to propose the abolition of the chamber in which they sit?

● At the call of Ghana's ambitious Prime Minister, Kwame Nkrumah (fresh from recent triumphs in liquidating his local opposition), several hundred demagogues from Africa's budding nations met last week in Accra for an "All-African People's Conference." After denouncing the West, capitalism and white men, they applauded the liberating doctrine stated in one variant by Omar Fanon: "All forms of struggle against colonialism can be adopted. This should in no way exclude violence." Irving Brown, European representative of the AFL-CIO, acted as translator. Although the great majority of native

Africans are tribally organized, no representatives of tribes were present.

● The Foreign Policy Association, in a fortieth anniversary statement, says that this country must learn to take advantage of six main revolutions simultaneously taking place in the world today. The six are listed as "non-Western nationalism," the "revolution of rising expectations" among underdeveloped peoples, the population explosion, the economic and social revolution in non-Western nations which telescopes five centuries of change into a few decades, the revolution in weaponry, and the emergence of a world community through the United Nations. We agree that all of these "revolutions" are things which must be faced. But how to "take advantage" of them? Is it an "advantage" to encourage nationalism (India, China, Egypt, Indonesia) when it is turned against you? Is it wise to stimulate "rising expectations" that cannot be fulfilled without first stimulating prudence, hard work and the saving habit? Is there any way of "taking advantage" of a revolution in weaponry except to stay ahead of one's potential enemies, United Nations or no? Or of a "population explosion" except by staying out of its way? Our prescription for meeting the "six revolutions" is to try to re-establish the universal dignity of economic laws that make for increased production without a concomitant dissipation of American capital. Somehow we doubt the Foreign Policy Association would agree. They tend to leave "reorientations" to other people.

● It was dismaying to learn the reported commentary of Stephen Spender, editor of *Encounter,* the British organ of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, on the Pasternak fuss ("Western lack of restraint is as much to blame as the Russians for the pressures brought to bear on . . . Pasternak. . . . If Pasternak wanted to live in the West, he would be no better off; instead of leading a quiet life at some college . . . Pasternak would be exploited and used as a tool with which to beat the Rusians"); reassuring to note the speedy rebuke of Spender by C. D. Williams, Diana Trilling, Norman Podhoretz and Arnold Beichman, members of the executive committee of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom ("Of all the efforts of liberal intellectuals to blind themselves to the Soviet reality and to shift responsibility to the West for the depredations of Communist Russia, Mr. Spender's analysis of the Pasternak case is at once among the most ludicrous and the most tragic"); perplexing to see Irving Kristol, formerly co-editor of *Encounter,* and newly installed executive editor of the *Reporter,* defend his former colleague ("If Mr. Spender actually made the remarks attributed to him, it would seem to be the part of both wisdom and fairness to regard them as a mere vagary, to which poets have a traditional license"); and downright dizzying to read a public denial from Stephen Spender that he ever said it in the first place.

●The Board of Education of the public schools of East Islip, Long Island, has done its best "to create an atmosphere of non-sectarianism" by banning any observance of Christmas in the schools under its jurisdiction. The expurgation will be complete; so complete that "Christmas vacation" will be re-labeled "winter vacation." The Board of Education is no doubt anticipating a future ruling by the Supreme Court, to the effect that it is a violation of the First Amendment to the Constitution to use public funds to celebrate Christmas, thus rendering preferential treatment to Christianity over against, say, Zen Buddhism. Anyone who feels this is a grotesque distortion of constitutional intent need only study the 1947 McCollum decision (outlawing released time for religious instruction) and resign himself to such derivative enormities as the elimination of Christmas, all in the holy cause of dichotomizing church and state. Let the parents of East Islip students take the earliest opportunity to replace present members of the school board; and let them, and all of us, pray—to all the gods, by all means—that the Paraclete will visit the members of the Supreme Court and consume the little devils that befog their minds.

● Is Ghana going Guinea, or Guinea-Ghana? And when is it ghana beguine?

## *A Glorious Shame*

"Khrushchev . . . is leading from weakness . . . in his latest demand. The Soviets see and fear the consequences of . . . the parade of East Germans across the border . . . [the] tide of migration . . . endangers the stability of the regime. In a power struggle, vacuums can be dangerous." So our erring sister, the *Nation,* sounding quite sane for a change—that is, as if she were on our side. But, like Don Quixote, she can't keep it up, once the topic veers around toward her mania, as witness: " . . . the precarious equilibrium which has prevailed in Germany since 1945 is being disturbed by a shift in population for which, in varying degrees, both sides in the cold war are responsible"—and, by clear implication, ought to be ashamed of themselves for.

Let us be quite clear, for ourselves and for the *Nation,* just what things our side has done that make it "responsible" for the migration. It has provided, as a backdrop against which East Germans can measure the indecency and misery of Communist society, a decent and prosperous society sagely governed by Christian gentlemen. It has offered a haven to those

East Germans who have been able to make good their escape; provided them protection, employment, and freedom from police-state controls. And it has, in doing so, made of the border between West and East Germany the luminous symbol that gives the lie to the idea—that is the *Nation's* mania—that if we don't start imitating them, the Communists will win the competition for men's minds against capitalism and free society.

If only we had more such achievements to be ashamed of!

## Mr. Nixon's Dilemma

Mr. James Reston of the *New York Times* observes (December 9) that "Republicans are always more liberal in their nominating conventions than they are in Congress." He then reports that the nation's leading Democrats, who assembled last week end in Washington, "found themselves agreeing . . . that Mr. Rockefeller was the more likely" Republican candidate for President in 1960.

Mr. Reston and the Democrats are correct. It will be, all over again, what we saw in the contest between Senator Taft and General Eisenhower, only more so, because Mr. Nixon will be encumbered by the ambiguous record of Mr. Eisenhower, and cannot possibly speak out; even assuming he chose to do so, in the decisive conservative accents of a Robert Taft. And Rockefeller will have advantages General Eisenhower and Mr. Willkie did not have: a resoundingly successful experience at the polls, where, in the largest state of the Union, he breasted a heavy Democratic tide.

Foreseeing Rockefeller in 1960, the Democrats are considerably worried about the alternatives they will be holding out to the voters. "The manifesto issued by the Democratic Advisory Council," Mr. Reston commented, "would undoubtedly have had a decidedly liberal tone, even if Mr. Rockefeller had lost . . . in New York . . . But Mr. Rockefeller had a hand in it too. He is not identified, as Mr. Nixon is, with the conservative wing of the Republican Party. He is identified on national and international policy with the Rockefeller Brothers reports, which advocate more spending for defense, for foreign aid, for education, for an expanding economy, than anything proposed by the Democratic leaders of Congress. What would happen, the Democrats were asking, if the Democratic-controlled Congress should take a middle-of-the-road position on civil rights and on foreign and domestic spending and then be confronted by a Republican candidate advocating a more liberal program than the Democrats?"

It is altogether possible that in the next few years, the Republican Party will be winding up its affairs. New York Republicans who labored for the nomination and election of Nelson Rockefeller pushed not only the Republican but also the Democratic Party to the left! Under the leadership of Dwight Eisenhower, the Republican Party has lost touch with reality. It is no longer a party that represents broad traditional American interests (*e.g.,* a sound dollar, a hard-headed foreign policy, decentralized political power). It is reduced to an ineffective apparatus of spasmodic protest against Democratic excesses. The ascendancy of Rockefeller as a Republican— a Republican with whose policies left-wing Democrats have to race (leftward) to keep up—reduces the Republican Party's usefulness even in that negative role. The opportunism of Modern Republicanism—symbolized by the Republican stampede to nominate Adam Clayton Powell Jr. after he had proved too noisome even for radical Democrats—has divested it of any pretensions to a principled concern for traditional American values. If it is neither useful *nor* principled, what is it? Mr. Nixon is in a quandary. The Republican Party is sure to continue along the road to total disintegration as long as it is dominated by a man of so faint an understanding as Mr. Eisenhower. Yet with that man Mr. Nixon must work in tandem. With such a handicap, can he hope to win the engagement against the free-wheeling Mr. Rockefeller?

The problem for Nixon is well-nigh insuperable unless Mr. Eisenhower steps down, and gives him a chance to convince the people that the Republican Party is the party of individual freedom and national survival, and is relevant to their future.

## Uncommon Sense

In his address to the National Association of Manufacturers (December 5) Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield squeezed more sense about domestic problems into half an hour than the Administration's spokesmen have hitherto managed to deliver in six years. As confirming samples:

"The cause of inflation is found in [reckless government spending and] the demands of union bosses —the new monopolists—for wage increases not warranted by productivity gains. We need legislation to curb the present powers of the union dictators and to redress the balance of power as between unions and management. The principle of anti-trust should be applied to this labor boss monopoly . . . I feel no less deeply about the political onrush of the organized part of American labor, gathered up in phalanx, its millions of dollars and thousands of trained political manipulators drawn up in battle formation to seize control over our governmental process . . . It is high time that the American people demand that the political activity of organized labor be brought within reasonable bounds, and closely governed by law—just as the political activity of all other individuals and groups in this nation is governed by law . . . It is absolutely un-American for labor bosses to be permitted to spend union dues in political efforts that are often in direct opposition to what the dues-paying union member himself wants . . . [Their success last month] merely whets the bosses' appetite for a greater conquest in 1960 . . . [If the rest of us don't get busy,] candidates hand-picked by union bosses will come to dominate the Halls of Congress and eventually perhaps the White House."

Mr. Summerfield concluded with a measured estimate: "I know of no time in our country's history when the forces of intelligent conservatism have been in greater danger of obliteration." We would like to think that the Postmaster General's remarks will be read by his own boss.

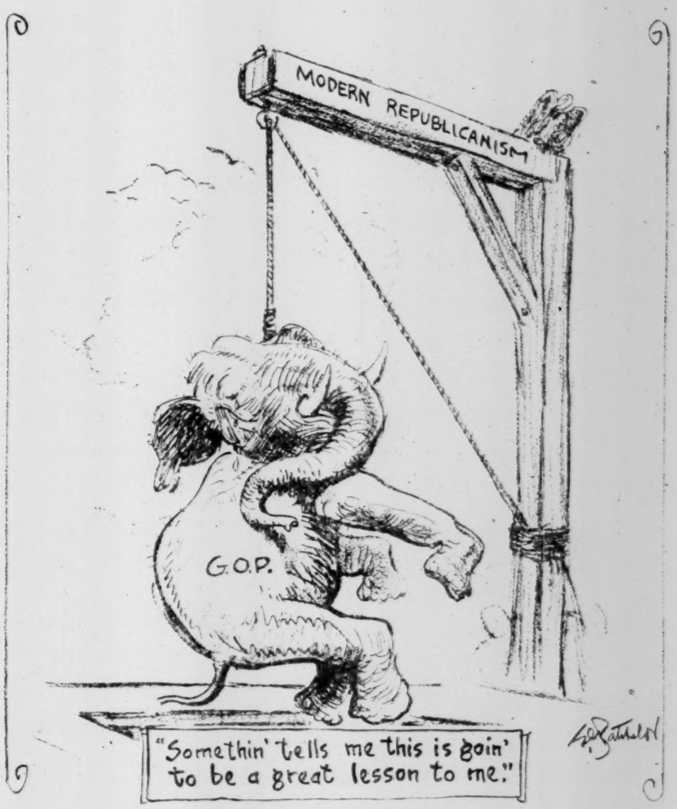
## *Where Was Kilroy?*

The past three months have been marked by a staccato series of international crises, several of them posing problems verging on war, all of them deeply affecting the welfare of men and nations. War, actual on a local scale and, potentially, on a general scale, has in fact been in direct issue in Cyprus, Algeria and the Formosa Strait. The threat of war and the future of nations have been closely at stake in the disputes over nuclear tests, disarmament, Iraq, Sudan and—most particularly—Berlin.

During these same months the General Assembly of the United Nations—comprised of large delegations from 81 nations, each serviced by scores of technical and clerical assistants—has been in session at UN headquarters, manned by thousands of employees from Secretary General Hammarskjold to gardeners, and brooded over by the eleven-nation Security Council. Neither the Security Council nor the Secretary General nor the staff nor the General Assembly has done a single thing about a single one of these problems that, by its charter and the claims of its advocates, the UN exists to solve. "The current session of the General Assembly," even Thomas J. Hamilton, UN reporter for the *New York Times,* is constrained to recognize, "will be ranked as one of the dullest in the history of the UN."

Of course something has to be done about the successive crises, and something—however inept—*is* done: but done in Geneva, Moscow, Washington, Warsaw or Paris, the mountains of North Africa or the waters off Quemoy, by negotiations between sovereign governments or struggles between contending armies; not by global masqueraders at UN Ghost-Town, East River.

Mr. Hamilton, perhaps without so intending, gives the absurd show away when he notes that some delegates "defend the Assembly's record with the argument that, the duller the session, the better the prospects for peace." In other words: now that we have created the UN, our job is to make certain that it does nothing. Not a bad notion; but rather an expensive and distracting way to go about it.


MODERN REPUBLICANISM
G.O.P.
"Somethin' tells me this is goin' to be a great lesson to me."

## *The Gaullist Spectrum*

It is unanimously recognized that in electing its new Assembly France has made a sweeping turn to the Right. The Union for the New Republic, organized just two months ago by de Gaulle's wartime Chief of Security and present Minister of Information, Jacques Soustelle, won 188 seats. The "Independents" and other older parties of the Right increased their holding from 96 to 132. The entire bloc of 70 deputies from Algeria belongs to the Right.

But in making this extraordinary turn, where did the French voters think they were heading?

They were, first of all, voting for General de Gaulle, and they therefore rid themselves of most of those—like Mendès-France, François Mitterand, the Communists, the Poujadists and the minority of left Socialists—who had declared against de Gaulle.

They were voting, second, as French patriots and nationalists, against the cosmopolitan international-

(*Continued on p. 394*)

# *Humbug in Academic Freedom*

*(Abstracted from the* Individualist, *Vol. III, No. 1, published by the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists. The author is Associate Professor of English, Los Angeles College.)*

I don't say that the anguish that college professors express over the uncertain fate of academic freedom is compounded of nothing but humbug. I say simply that this anguish contains a rich element of humbug . . . enough to make their defense of that freedom ring from time to time with an embarrassingly false note. . . . faculties that are almost entirely self-governing, as many of them are, often generate within themselves such coercive pressures towards conformity that the range of opinion that is effectively expressed among them is decidedly narrow. It is when members of such faculties, often monuments of their local orthodoxy, rise in defense of academic freedom that the note of humbug is apt to become unmistakable and compromise the whole struggle for freedom . . . let me elaborate upon those head-shrinking pressures that professors bring to bear upon one another.

The atmosphere of tranquility that rises from a sun-striped campus rarely matches the quality of life that is lived on it. Like the surface of the sea on a fair day, those noble trees, those placid buildings, the green grass and the ivy are a lovely facade behind which life is deeply competitive. . . . Of the three measures of success for a professor the most important is the good opinion of his colleagues. The rank he achieves will usually depend chiefly upon this, and to a considerable extent even his opportunities to publish. Now for the all-important question: What provokes this good opinion? Well, too often the only magic necessary is an amiable disposition and, most crucial of all, a willingness to espouse the current prejudices of the club, whether these be social, political, or merely professional.

The important unit in a college is the department. It is here that diversity of opinion is needed most. . . . But it is in the individual department that such diversity is most often absent. I have in mind, for instance, the Philosophy department that abounds in positivists who will not make room for an idealist or a pragmatist, except perhaps for a very tame one.

Or the English faculty that will not hire a New Critic, with the possible exception of a quiet one. Or the complement in History who will not pipe aboard a scholar who does not venerate the historical fact as a pious end in itself. Or the Education professors who will not welcome a new man unless his heart is twisted into a pretzel that spells John Dewey. Or the Art department whose door opens only to individuals in a highly abstract condition. Or the Sociology department that simply will not engage an able man, no matter what school of thought be belongs to.

In this last example we have bumped against another facet of faculty-bred conformity. Freedom is not the only wallflower at these parties. Such faculties are apt to turn away from intelligence and ability too. As a matter of fact, conditions that contract freedom and those that depreciate intelligence are virtually identical. It is the shortest of baby steps from an insistence on no wrong opinions to an insistence on no brilliant or complicated opinions, even within the limits of the orthodoxy. First of all, a really intelligent man is too apt to change his opinions. But secondly, where a faculty is free to choose its own members it will, if it does not stick fast to principle, find irresistible the temptation to exclude men whose ability might make their colleagues uncomfortable. It is an unsettling paradox that the absence of monetary considerations, otherwise so admirable, is one of the things that makes this exclusion possible and enhances incalculably a faculty's power to nourish the human weakness for both conformity and mediocrity. No one is discernibly out of pocket if a good man is not hired. The consequences may ramify through generations of students and professors, but they will never appear in any annual report and provoke the ire of greedy stockholders. . . .

Lionel Trilling merely overstated the matter when he declared, "In the United States . . . liberalism is not only the dominant but even the sole intellectual tradition. . . ."

Liberal unanimity on a college campus would not be disturbing and it would not prejudice the struggle for academic freedom if it were just the end product of free discussion, argument, and persuasion. But too often it is achieved by other means. . . . The adoption of a Liberal orientation is an important method for getting on in the academic world. A young professor has often learned as a graduate student, if not as an undergraduate, that being a Liberal is good politics. In the right environment he can, if he is not very bright, enjoy a feeling of heroic nonconformity in perfect security. He can be a Liberal critic of American society, a dissenter in Philistia, even flirt with eventual revolution without sacrificing a single item of bourgeois comfort or status—indeed, his Liberalism will consolidate his possession of these valuables.

*The world of academic Liberals, in short, is saturated with careerism. There is a kind of Liberal who cannot conceive a greater tragedy than to lose his job or fail of promotion. When he feels, as he occasional-*

*ly does when someone is sacked because of his politics, that America is no better than Russia, he is being quite sincere. For him nothing could be worse than to impede a man's advancement in the world. But this sympathy does not extend to conservatives —businessmen, professional men, and publishers, for instance, whose views conflict with his. He will merrily cheer a boycott among their customers, clients, and subscribers. And, what may be more to the point, his sympathy does not extend to his conservative or independent colleague who finds himself unpopular because of his departures from Liberal doctrine.*

But there is another characteristic of campus Liberals which bears upon academic freedom, and that is their moral complacence. More often than not, they are individuals who may make mistakes but who never sin—for sinning involves a profundity of personal guilt and responsibility which, despite their sloganeering about the dignity of man, they do not acknowledge. They are not aware of it, but in this connection they respect their adversaries more than they do themselves. They permit their enemies to sin like men, but in their own moral dramas the villain is society. This is why so many Liberals who have flirted with Communism now feel, even in the face of genuine disillusionment, no actual guilt. They feel, in fact, that their mistake was one that any decent person should have made.

The morally complacent, since they feel that they are never *really* wrong, easily become morally authoritarian. One of the expressions of this authoritarianism has been the cry of anti-intellectualism which academic Liberals have raised. Sometimes this cry is a genuine plea for freedom of thought and speech. But sometimes it sounds like nothing less than an angry insistence that America should 1) protect intellectuals from the consequences of their folly, even to the point of sparing them any loss in public esteem; 2) accept their doctrines without waiting to be convinced; 3) deliver the country's system of higher education into the hands of an autonomous, self-perpetuating academic bureaucracy, and then seal the latter off from any outside influence. All this in the name of freedom and democracy. The fact is that at the present time there is more diversity of social and political thought outside the academic world than there is within it—an odd circumstance when we remember that that world is dominated by Liberals who have pre-empted the slogans of liberty. . . .

Liberals have done superb service in scrutinizing the moral foundations of American business, with great benefits for both the society as a whole and for American business itself. But on a Liberal campus a professor would feel a decided coolness in the atmosphere if he made a similar scrutiny of the practices of labor unions. . . .

If we disregard what is said in the classroom where Communism is seldom discussed, and consider only what professors say to one another, here are some statements that are too often true in departments and on campuses ruled by Liberals: It is infinitely easier in these environs to denounce Joseph McCarthy than it is to denounce Joseph Stalin (at least until recently). In fact, as regards the first Joseph one has no choice but to execrate him, a requirement that would not be too disturbing if a similar demand were made upon one's feelings towards Big Brother. It is easier to belt Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee than it is to abuse any Russian or Red Chinese leader. It is easier to hammer on American foreign policy in general than it is to defend it, but especially at those points where it is most militantly anti-Communist. It is safer to sympathize with Alger Hiss than with Ezra Pound.

. . . It is more politic to respect Robert Hutchins, heretofore no idol of Liberals, than Sidney Hook, a rugged centurion of Liberalism but queasy about Communists. Finally, one may discover fascist tendencies in somebody, and the communication of this information to others will rarely provoke a Liberal protest. But if you suggest, however privately and tentatively, that someone is soft towards Communism, you will be hotly challenged to provide proof that would satisfy the Supreme Court of the planet Mars. In fact, about the only evidence that will convince many Liberals that an individual is *soft* towards Communism is conclusive evidence that the individual *is* a Communist, does not regret it, and has no intention of leaving the party in the foreseeable future. . . .

The objective circumstances which nourish conformity, discussed earlier in this article, are formidable indeed. But they can be conquered if enough professors decide, as David Riesman would say, that henceforth they are going to be inner-directed. The traditions of individual freedom and responsibility still exist around which they can integrate themselves. In fact, they pay lip service to them—a not entirely useless kind of service—all the time. They need only prevent their devotion to them from bcoming so incandescent that the light blinds them to the reality it is supposed to illuminate. And in this connection they should welcome the term *egghead*, and be on the outlook for that species. The wonder is that the term was not invented sooner. It is needed. Some doctors are quacks; some lawyers, shysters; some businessmen, crooks. Some professors are eggheads.

MORTON CRONIN

ism and cynicism that had so thoroughly infected the parties of the Left. The outlook of the traditional French Right, which is based on the land and the military, fused with de Gaulle's ardent projection of a French "glory." The nationalist impulse at the core of the Fifth Republic is already expressing itself in French demands for a status in NATO coequal with Britain and the U.S., as well as in France's moves in relation to the Common Market, West Germany, and nuclear arming.

Third, this Right is anti-Communist in the concrete sense of opposing the Communist Party as an agent of an alien power. The UNR, on the day after the election, announced as its first major internal task a nation-wide "grass roots campaign" to eliminate the Communists from French life.

But it would be an error to suppose that the French shift to the Right meant a sharp break with state welfarism in economic policy. It was under de Gaulle himself, at the end of the war, that a number of industries—aviation, coal mines, part of the auto industry (Renault), some banks—were nationalized. For this no Gaullist has expresed repentance, nor has any Gaullist proposed to undo the nationalization or to put social security into private hands. And like all Frenchmen, Gaullists distrust international free trade.

The conservative element in the economic views of the Gaullists is to be found in their rejection of the doctrinaire claims of nationalization, as put forward by the Socialists; in their demand for an end to ever-expanding handouts to labor, peasants and other organized minorities; in their insistence on fiscal responsibility, a sound budget, and an honest tax system.

It was not domestic problems that brought the downfall of the Fourth Republic, the advent of de Gaulle and the sweep of the new French Right. It was the external challenge. France's international health, sapped by the Indochina catastrophe, faced total and quick collapse in North Africa. France called Charles de Gaulle as its last reserve to solve, somehow, the problem of the relation of European France to its Algerian extension and the broader hinterland of the "overseas community."

With respect to the African problem, the new Right is dominated, on the whole, by the Hards against the Softs—by the men who opt for resisting "the course of history" instead of yielding to it. We shall soon begin to read, in our own and the world's press, a gradually mounting attack on the Gaullist Assembly and government. "Right," we will be told, equals reactionary equals militarist equals imperialist equals authoritarian equals fascist. The attack will spring not from any understanding of the real political substance of the Gaullist regime, but from the same disintegrative ideological forces that brought the Fourth Republic to the shambles into which, unchecked, they will lead all the West.

## The Price of Stability

The final installment of Adlai Stevenson's recent articles on his visit to the Soviet Union was headlined "Stevenson Decries Belief Soviet Regime Is Unstable." Mr. Eugene Lyons, a frequent contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW, author of *Our Secret Allies, the Peoples of Russia*, took Mr. Stevenson on in a devastating open letter published in the *New York Times*. Excerpts:

"Certainly the Kremlin itself, judging by its acts rather than its words, does not share Mr. Stevenson's firm faith in the stability of the regime. Why otherwise would it maintain in the forty-first year of absolute power a political-police establishment unprecedented for size and ruthlessness in modern history? Why would it need the death penalty for an attempt to leave the country without permission, and other such drastic laws to hold down its subjects? Why would it retain its system of terror against a citizenry neither 'sullen' nor 'terrorized'?

"Such questions could be extended to cover a hundred phases of the Soviet reality. There are the regime's continued fears of allowing elementary freedoms of speech, press and assembly; the multiple censorships; the jamming of foreign broadcasts; the vast and frantic machinery for shielding the citizenry against 'dangerous' ideas.

"According to a recent study by William Benton, the Soviets maintain some 6,000 special schools and a network of special colleges for training propagandists, with an enrollment of over 300,000. In 1953, he reported, the regime employed 375,000 full-time and 2,100,000 part-time 'agitators'—manpower equal, as he pointed out, to the whole United States Army. The dimensions of this effort have not changed basically since 1953.

"Obviously a dictatorship in its fifth decade of total power does not invest such huge slices of its budget, brains, energy and manpower in internal security unless it feels itself insecure."

## Waterfront Protectionism

It is good that the four-day boycott against ships that sail under "flags of convenience" should have failed. Both sides leaned heavily, in their appeals for public sympathy, on hypocritical arguments. The operators who defended their use of Panamanian, Liberian, Honduran and Costa Rican ("Panlibhonco") flags made much of the existence, thanks to their patriotism, of an auxiliary merchant fleet which, in the event of war, could perform stout service for the United States. The boycotters, corralled by the International Federation of Transport Workers, turned the same argument around, insisting on the danger to the national security of registering what are in truth American ships (*i.e.*, owned by companies that are owned by Americans) under foreign flags. The further argument that living conditions aboard ships of foreign registration are barbarous is contested by the competition for Panlibhonco berths.

In fact it is all, pure and simple, an economic struggle. Some of the largest American operators are taking advantage of lower taxes and cheaper labor by conducting their businesses under foreign jurisdictions. In doing so, they compete with U.S. carriers which are costlier to operate by reason of the depredations on American business of big government and monopoly unionism. The ideological aspects of the controversy are interesting. Differences between nations in the cost of doing business are an aspect of free market competition. The only genuinely productive kind of foreign aid the United States is in a position to extend the rest of the world is the disposition to compete with other nations in the world market. A boycott against "foreign" shipping lines is a form of that narrow protectionism which union leaders affect to oppose.

The boycott having failed, the next move of the IFTW—just possibly supported behind the scenes by British and Scandinavian shipping interests that might benefit from liquidation of the Panlibhonco fleets—may be a coast-to-coast maritime strike, to prove that what monopoly unionism wants, monopoly unionism gets.

## *Depends on the Way You've Been Brought Up*

Mr. William Shannon, a servant of American Liberalism, had a convulsion last week in his column in the *New York Post*—a good place to have a convulsion, by the way, since no one is likely to notice anything unusual. Mr. Shannon fumes over NATIONAL REVIEW's recent references to Mrs. Annie Lee Moss (November 22, p. 326). There are a few preliminary observations to be made. Mr. Shannon is offended by the "graceless quality" of NATIONAL REVIEW's prose, and the boorish manners of its editor—which are, come to think of it, understandable because "he is, after all, a Yale man and an aristocrat and knows how to treat his inferiors."

True to our role as "caretakers of the late Joseph McCarthy's unseemly heritage," we declared that Mrs. Annie Lee Moss (the one Senator McCarthy and Edward R. Murrow fought over) turns out in fact to have been a Communist, as witness the recent revelations of the Subversive Activities Control Board. Actually, Mr. Shannon says, there are, as everybody has known for years, three Annie Lee Mosses in Washington and no one knows which of the three was the Communist. The accuser, an FBI informant planted in the Party during the forties, never set eyes on *the* Mrs. Moss. The FBI plant, Mrs. Mary Markward, had merely got hold of Communist Party records indicating that *a* Mrs. Annie Lee Moss had been a Party member. The SACB shed no light on the question. "No one has ever disputed that the Communist Party records listed an Annie Lee Moss . . . The tactics of McCarthy's heirs clearly do not deviate from those of the master."

Well, well. Ready, Shannon?

*From The Subversive Activities Control Board, Docket No. 51-101, William P. Rogers, Jr., Attorney General of the United States, Petitioner* v. *The Communist Party of the United States of America, Respondent. Recommended Decision of Board Member Francis A. Cherry on Second Remand Proceeding, Issued September 19, 1958, page 5, footnote 6:* "The situation that has resulted on the Moss question is that the [Communist] Party's own records, copies of which are now in evidence, and the authenticity of which it does not dispute (A.G. Exs. 499-511, inc.), show an Annie Lee Moss, *72 R Street, S.W.*, Washington, D. C. was a Party member in the mid 1940's."

*From Testimony of Mrs. Annie Lee Moss, Army Signal Corps Subversion and Espionage, Hearings of the Committee on Government Operations, United States Senate, Thursday March 11, 1954, Washington, D. C., p. 447:*

> "MR. COHN: . . . isn't it a fact [Mrs. Moss] that you regularly received the *Daily Worker* . . . ?
>
> "MRS. MOSS: [not] until after we had moved Southwest, at *72 R Street*."

These data were as accessible to Mr. Shannon as to NATIONAL REVIEW. We did not get hold of them by seance with the late Senator McCarthy. Clearly Mr. Shannon believes it is more important to suppress the truth, in order to spare a Liberal myth the light of day, than to deal honorably with his readers. Mr. Shannon did *not* go to Yale, where they also teach you how to treat your superiors.

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# NATIONAL TRENDS

### L. BRENT BOZELL

## *Nixon and Mitchell*

When Harold Stassen most recently fell on his face—the attempt, a few weeks back, to read Nixon out of Presidential contention—the political crowd pretty much ignored him. One member of the Republican team, however, thought it the handsome thing to do to come to Nixon's defense. It is "unthinkable," Secretary of Labor James Mitchell said, to omit the Vice President's name from a list of Presidential prospects. As a matter of fact, Mr. Mitchell went on, "Richard M. Nixon ought to be and will be the next President of the United States."

Secretary Mitchell has long thought of himself as possibly the next Vice President of the United States. In that connection, Nelson Rockefeller's smashing victory in New York meant many things to many people, but it meant only one thing to James Mitchell: he must ally himself with Nixon. For Mitchell, regrettably for these purposes, hails from New Jersey. Rockefeller, as the head of the ticket, would have to find himself a running mate from somewhere farther West.

But if Mitchell's preferences (and thus his motives) are clear, what about Nixon's? Does the Vice President return the compliment? Nixon's public position, of course, is that the national convention must decide such matters. And so it will remain until the convention decides them. Privately, however, several factors are bearing on the Vice President's decision, and they do not bode unfavorably for the Secretary's ambitions.

For one thing, the geographical consideration. Nixon's needs in this regard are the opposite of Rockefeller's. Moreover, Nixon not only needs someone from east of California, but from all the way East. It is a matter, partly, of sectional complexions: a Nixon candidacy would want a lure for the more Liberal East to complement Nixon's own strength in the Midwest. And partly of "connections": Mitchell has ties with Eastern political groups, Democratic as well as Republican, that would be as valuable to Nixon as they have been to him.

### *The Catholic Vote*

For another thing, Mitchell is a Catholic. Indeed, he is the only prominent one in sight on the Republican side. In ordinary times, this would not be regarded as an asset; but thanks to John Kennedy, it may be a decisive asset. Top-level Republican strategists figure Senator Kennedy as a sure thing for either the Presidential or Vice Presidential nomination on the other ticket, and many of them feel that a counter-bid for the Catholic vote is essential.

Nixon may come to share this view. Or he may conclude that it contains much nonsense. The Catholic vote, after all, is largely Democratic anyway. Are Catholic Democrats likely to be lured away from Kennedy by Mitchell's Catholicism? Looking at it from the other end of the spectrum, most of the Republican and independent Catholics who would turn to Kennedy on religious grounds (and there might be only a few of them) would do so in order to break the tradition aganist Catholic Presidents. Would such folk regard Mitchell as a better bet than Kennedy for taking the top prize? And another point, not unimportant: to the extent there is *anti*-Kennedy sentiment based on religion, putting a Catholic on the Republican ticket might be one of the poorer ways of exploiting it. . . . Still, the balance of pluses and minuses is conjectural. There is definitely a Catholic angle to 1960, and Nixon is one to play all of the angles.

The third thing going for Mitchell is that he is Secretary of Labor. The advantage, in general, is that Nixon needs a running mate who will help blunt his reputation as a right-winger. In particular, it is that he needs an entree to organized labor: Nixon is not so naive as to entertain hopes of capturing the "labor vote," but he would like a slice of it. For both of these purposes, Mitchell's title is half of the battle. Besides, he is a Secretary of Labor who is generally regarded as a "friend of labor"—a sobriquet he has not discouraged by his occasional tributes to Walter Reuther. (Whether Mitchell will be quite so desirable on this score by 1960, after two years in the arena with Reuther's Congress, is something else again.)

To augment these natural assets, Mr. Mitchell is now trying to cultivate others. For one, Nixon's friendship. The Vice President, Mitchell knows, will be under increasing attack in the months ahead and will need defenders in high places. That Mitchell was the first and foremost at his side when Stassen popped the opening gun, was not lost on Nixon.

For another, Mitchell is seeking the approval of GOP regulars. He is well aware that people who become Vice Presidents first become Vice Presidential nominees, and that party regulars have something to say about who the latter are. Hence, Mitchell's exceedingly sharp denunciation (it was his rhetoric, not his position, that earned the headlines) of the Kennedy-Ives Bill last summer. And even his position was significantly stiffer than Kennedy-Ives. Hence, also, Mitchell's vigorous campaigning on behalf of the Republican ticket this fall. He appeared on the hustings oftener than any other Cabinet member with the possible exception of Secretary Benson.

### *Questions*

True, the closer Mitchell approaches his goal, the more interest people will take in him. Some of the Nixon faithful may ask questions about Mitchell's WPA period, for example. Or his association with Anna Rosenberg, who got him his job at Macy's. Or his relations with Merlyn Pitzele, who got him his job in the Cabinet. Or his interest in William J. Brennan Jr., whom he got *his* job on the Supreme Court.

Such items could get in the way of a Nixon-Mitchell ticket. As could another: Nixon's failure to make the ticket himself. That last, by this correspondent's book, looms as a very large item indeed.

## Where Do We Go from Here?

# *Down to the Firehouse*

**There is only one way, says a distinguished editor, to recover from the Republican debacle: hard work at the grass roots**

JAMES J. KILPATRICK

For those of the Liberal left, the first few days that followed the November 4 elections were a time for giddy rejoicing. Verily the happy days had come again, and from California to Connecticut the air fairly rang with their jubilee singing.

For those of the conservative right, those first few days were more like the first few minutes that follow a mine explosion. In the paralyzing silence, not even a whisper was raised. We gazed, disbelievingly, upon nearly total disaster. Here, visibly, were the ruins of the Republican Party and the wreckage of the conservative cause. On Tuesday night, we wondered only, What happened? It wasn't until Thursday or Friday, when the dust had settled and the undertakers had come to fetch the bodies away, that the political mine inspectors came around to begin asking, Why? What caused the debacle? And it is only now that we are looking thoughtfully upon the debris and inquiring, Where do we go from here?

Brent Bozell has done a superlative job of answering the first few questions—the what happened, and why—in his essay in NATIONAL REVIEW of November 22. This was political pathology of the highest order, as coldly clinical as a blood count, and I can add little to his report.

One illustration, however, may help to bring his general picture into sharp focus. On August 21, the U. S. Senate voted on a motion to kill the "Steve Nelson Bill" by sending it back to committee. In itself, the measure had small value: The states truly are not much interested in enacting or enforcing their own anti-subversion laws. But as a symbol of States' Rights, and as an implied rebuke to the Supreme Court, the bill had great value indeed. The motion to recommit carried 41-40, and the bill died. Yet the 40 negative votes were marvelously encouraging; they were cast by 17 Southern Democrats and 23 Northern and Western Republicans. Their coalition almost prevailed.

Among the Republican senators aligned on the negative side that August afternoon were Knowland, Jenner, Potter, Thye, Bricker, Martin, Watkins, Hoblitzell, Revercomb and Barrett. Not one will be back in the Senate in January. And in every case, the incoming senator who will replace the departed conservative inclines toward the Liberal side.

That roll call provides a fair measure of the loss we suffered last month. The state that once sent Joe McCarthy to the Senate now sends Mr. Proxmire; the Senate's new McCarthy is the Liberal Eugene J. of Minnesota; Clair Engle will fill the chair Bill Knowland left behind. The roster of freshman senators is familiar now: we will have to live with them for six years at least.

### *Philosophers and Politicians*

The November disaster happened for two principal reasons, one abstract, the other concrete. The first was that the Republican Party, as a political entity, had ceased to offer an attractive alternative to the Democrats. The second was that the Democrats, largely through the machinery of labor's "Committee on Political Education," rolled out the vote.

The former consideration is of greatest interest, perhaps to the political philosopher; the latter is of prime concern to the practical politician. And I would put this down, as the first categorical imperative in charting a course for the conservatives' future: Philosopher and politician will have to come more closely together. If they fail in this, conservatives will have no trouble finding a blunt reply to their question, "Where do we go from here?" The answer will be, Out. And what will we do? Nothing.

By "philosophers," I mean we critics in the grandstand, and by "politicians," I mean those generally conservative candidates and congressmen who have to take to the hustings now and then, and get themselves elected. It is useless to talk of where-do-we-go-from-here except in terms of political action. If the conservative cause is to get anywhere, it must get there on a Tuesday. This means we have to have votes; more votes than the other fellow; and that is what we ought to be thinking about.

This is the pragmatic view, and we could use a little more pragmatism on the conservative right. In my own observation, the conservative cause has suffered as much from its idealistic and obstinate friends as it has suffered from its distastefully practical foes. Too often, we of the right have forgotten that politics is the art of the possible; we have looked upon compromise with horror; we have said, with some hauteur, that we would rather go hungry than have half a loaf. And we have gone hungry. We will go hungrier yet these next few years.

Those of us in the unreconstructed South need to do as much thinking along this line as any other group. I myself can remember denouncing Senator Knowland, in a moment of black-tempered rage, for his stand on the Civil Rights Act; I swore editorially never to support him again. Well, I'm sorry now for that piece, and I don't believe I would write it again. By the same token, I don't propose to insist that my candidate for President never have touched a drop of foreign aid, or that his record on farm policy show no trace of the subsidy stain.

If conservatives are to go anywhere from here, we philosophers will have to learn to look upon our politicians with a little more tolerant eye: Is the gentleman a man of character? Are his instincts conservative? Does he hold a decent respect for state and federal separation under the Constitution? Does he incline toward reasonable limitation upon the functions of the federal government? Is he prudent in his fiscal policies? Does he comprehend the nature of Communist imperialism and the dangers of internal subversion?

Wherever we can find such candidates, I suggest we had better latch onto them, because these candidates can win at the polls. Enough independent-conservative votes are in sight to elect them, provided some efficient machinery is put in operation to get out these votes.

## *Professionals Needed*

That is the second point that seems to me worth making: We must have a political organization built by political pro's. Too many people who write about politics never have gone down to the firehouse. Winning an election is work; it is damned hard work; it calls for organization, for money, for executive leadership, and for armies of paid and unpaid workers. Politics is an all-year business; there is nothing seasonal about it. If conservatives in Oregon want to dump Mr. Neuberger in 1960, they ought to be working on the project now. They should have been working on it for the past four years. If Styles Bridges is to be re-elected two years hence, New Hampshire's machinery ought not to be lying idle this winter.

For the foreseeable future, conservatives outside the South will have to make do with the only machinery they possibly can hope to adapt to their uses, and that is the existing machinery of the Republican Party. They will have to get control of it first, and that in itself will prove no easy job. Incredible as it may seem in the bleak light of the November results, some apostles of "me-too" are urging the GOP to bring forth fresh candidates "who are for the most part labeled 'liberal.'" I quote the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*: "Regardless of the pleas of old-line conservatives, the facts of present-day political life amply show that voters are interested in a liberal, rather than a hard-shelled conservative outlook."

Put aside the "hard-shelled." My own feeling is that the Republican Party cannot possibly succeed by offering no more than a pale plastic copy of the Democrats' patented product. Mr. Rockefeller's experience in New York might indicate otherwise, but this proves nothing for the country that lies beyond the Holland Tunnel. If he is a Republican, then up is down and black is white and parakeets growl like tigers. Unless the Republican Party offers a vital, conservative alternative to the Liberal image evoked by the Democratic Party, the GOP, as a useful political apparatus, is done for.

Wherever possible, then, it seems to me that conservatives should seek actively to take over control of Republican machinery—in the precincts, in the wards, in party committees. Then a strenuous effort should be made to perfect the sort of organization Paul Jones envisoned in a recent article in *Human Events*—an army of card-carrying, dues-paying, avowed party members. This will take work. It cannot be done by genteel exhortations at the ladies' sodality. Yet only such a force will offset the disciplined legions of organized labor.

While this task of organization is going on, conservative philosophers and politicians alike should concentrate on defining, advertising, and marketing their commodity. What do we have to sell? A sound currency, freedom from needless government restraint, ultimate relief from some of the burdens of a bloated federal budget, restoration of governmental powers to the people in their own states and localities—these concepts have widespread appeal.

Working people, as distinguished from professional union members, are potential recruits to the conservative cause. So are farmers. So are housewives. But the conservative cause has to be presented in a package at once honest and attractive. And the aim has to be the ballot in the box.

It would help if over the next two years, surviving conservatives in Congress (and there remain quite a few) would undertake to build a clear record. Responsibility must be pinned down by roll-call votes. Through every parliamentary device, opportunities should be created for the conservatives' yeas and nays to be unmistakably heard.

## *A Third Party?*

What of the "third party" prospect? On paper the idea surely has great appeal. It is a beautiful vision that sees a new Conservative Party arising triumphantly from the feeble embers of November 4, a party that would unite conservatives the country over. It is something to dream about. But dream it is, and no more. Fulfillment of the dream necessarily supposes the obliteration of the Republican Party as such, and the Republican Party is not about to be obliterated as such. There was a time, in the 75th Congress, when the Republicans had but 89 members in the House and only 16 in the Senate; Alf Landon swept Maine and Vermont and no more. But the party survived. It has been around for the past hundred years; it will be around a while yet.

There is a real possibility of an effective third party movement in the South in the 1960 Presidential election. It is entirely conceivable that Southerners, by that time, will have been so goaded by Congress, and so infuriated by the national conventions, that they will choose independent slates of Presidential electors. In a close race, such a Confederate rebellion might well produce some interesting consequences, but there are infinite contingencies in the way and such speculation is beside the point anyhow. For conservative-minded Americans, outside the South, a new party is a mirage.

Where do we go from here? I say again, *Down to the firehouse*. The conservative cause must be sold not as a set of high-minded principles, embalmed in gaudy resolutions at a black-tie dinner, but as a realistic program of political action to be waged through conservative candidates of broad public appeal. That is how the Liberals won a few weeks ago. There is no other way.

# The Global Way of Life

### JAMES BURNHAM

On December 3 the tenth general conference of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), sitting at its gorgeous new headquarters in Paris, approved a 1959-60 budget of $25,970,463, some $3,290,825 higher than the budget of 1957-58. The event was so banal in our world's routine that only the very largest journals found it deserving of a few lines on a remote page.

Having pounced on this little item as it was scuttling down its dark hole toward the past, how shall we worry it? Both the passionate admirers and the equally impassioned critics of UNESCO find it a theme most apt for ideological rhapsody. UNESCO, in its abstracted mode, gives summary expression to the motifs of our age: internationalism, welfarism, relativism, secular indoctrination, subversive coexistence, and so on. In such imposing terms we may—and most of us usually do—argue UNESCO's merits or infamies.

But after reading the casual dispatch about UNESCO's new budget I found myself meditating on a matter simpler and more human than these lofty ideological idols: on the fact that UNESCO, whatever else it may be, is a racket.

## *World Bureaus and Bureaucrats*

A few purely technical agencies excepted, they are all rackets, these global institutions that swell and multiply like flies on a late summer dung heap. Most of them, indeed, operate as if branches of a single great syndicate, a Global Racket. Diverse social functions are parceled out by the anonymous global bureaucracy much as Al Capone or Dutch Schultz used to allot different "territories" to one or another clique of junior gangsters.

Take UNESCO itself. UNESCO does a few things that most of us would commend: such as processing the currency exchange mechanism (UNESCO book coupons) that makes it easier for readers to buy books in foreign countries. It does a number of things that many of us judge bad, some very bad. But what it mostly does is to provide—at the expense of the rest of us—cushy jobs, quarters, offices, equipment, entertainment, travel and other material benefits for its own officers and staff and those "educational, scientific and cultural" personages whom it favors. Quite literally and mathematically—by the account books—this sort of thing is what UNESCO mostly does.

We may accurately generalize. The *principal* function of most of the international agencies is to provide a congenial way of life to the rapidly expanding class of international bureaucrats, together with their favorites and hangers-on.

## *The Global Skills*

These international bureaucrats are by no means devoid of talents, of course. They have developed precisely those skills that are useful in running international organizations: handling multilingual conferences, travel and hotel complexities, speedy translating and reproducing of documents; manipulating multinational personnel; launching cocktail and dinner parties; wangling black market deals and tax concessions; shoving "issues of substance" under piles of papers; buttering up national big shots. And they enjoy their work.

This flourishing new species is not confined to our side of the Iron Curtain. I recall a comment made one evening in 1951 by the French political writer, Raymond Aron, when he stopped off on his way to the San Francisco conference called to sign the peace treaty with Japan. Molotov had just shown up in San Francisco with a staff of 38, plus dozens of MVD agents who had arrived earlier on a Soviet cruiser. All the newspapers interpreted the presence of this mass delegation as a sign that the Soviet Union—which had objected to the terms of the treaty—was going to raise big trouble. "Not at all," insisted Aron with his usual irony. "The Russian foreign office people are just like yours and ours. All they want is a free-loading trip to San Francisco—a beautiful city, after all, and a lot more fun than Moscow. They'll sit like lambs at official sessions, and the typists will buy nylons and lipstick." And he was absolutely correct.

Just try to list the international gatherings of the past couple of months—always, of course, in pleasant cities or resorts specializing in giving enjoyment to visitors. Two big affairs currently going on in Geneva, with no signs of ending for months. The World Bank and Fund just finished with a huge get-together at New Delhi, which was so exhausting that everyone was flown to the fanciest hotel in Kashmir, rented *in toto*. A big Asian-aid do in Seattle. Fifteen hundred social workers on a fortnight's flutter in Tokyo. Latin American and Mideastern affairs soon coming up—in sunny spots, naturally. Berlin somehow to be squeezed into the calendar. And the permanent UN house-party.

## *A Sympathetic Climate*

The Racket (wisely) lets some outsiders get their fingers in the jam pot. The Globureaucracy, like a modern Medici, bestows its largesse on thousands, yea tens of thousands, of writers, artists, musicians, scientists, scholars and plain professors who, on the magic carpet of "information," "intelligence" or other mysterious funds, are wafted over the earth to conferences, seminars, concerts, lectures, exhibits, exchange tours and drunken brawls. The ordinary citizens of any given nation wouldn't recognize one out of ten of the names of their representatives at these global picnics.

Sometimes I wonder whether it is wholly a coincidence that the cold war, as presently conducted, furnishes the ideal climate for the lush growth of the Global Racket. In a clear-cut struggle heading toward decisions there would not be much time or surplus for it to exploit. In genuine peace the Racket might be too easily seen for what it is.

# *from* HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

## *Who Profits by "Bigness"?*

The American Motors Co. has had a phenomenally good year, grabbing the play from the small foreign cars with its Ramblers, and significantly increasing its percentage of a business that was seemingly on the verge of complete domination by a Big Three. What this would tend to prove is that "oligopoly" isn't as menacing as some of our economics professors say it is. But even though Mr. George Romney, the American Motors Co. President, has demonstrated that a Big Three can be vulnerable to the competition of upstarts, he could still be right when he objects to the size of the General Motors Co.

On the other hand, he could be wrong. Let us look into this claim that General Motors is too big for the health of the automobile business. We may discover some interesting things.

Part of the case against the General Motors Co., which year in and year out does about 50 per cent of the automobile business in the United States, is that its "market power" makes price competition difficult. It is assumed that the price of a car is too high, and that it is the action of General Motors in "administering" its price that keeps it there.

Well, it is perfectly true that GM, like other big companies, quotes its prices to dealers for a year ahead. It does this by making an estimate of its probable costs if and when its production reaches "standard volume" (an assembly line running at 80 per cent of capacity). To the anticipated costs of manufacturing at standard volume, GM then adds what it needs to pay a reasonable return on its capital stock and to put aside some money for new research. The result is the "administered" price.

One relevant question is: does this stop Ford, Chrysler or the American Motors Co. from naming its own prices? The answer is obviously "no." Prices for comparable cars tend to be the same because production costs are the same: the UAW collective bargainers demand identical wage scales from all the companies, and the price of steel body sheet does not vary because a Ford vice president has blue eyes while his opposite number in Chrysler has brown. In addition, federal and state taxes are levied impartially on all the automobile companies: a third of the retail price of every car is accounted for by taxes.

### *Competition in Car Prices*

In spite of the sameness of costs, however, automobile companies do compete in price. All throughout 1958 the American Motors Co. sold its cars for less than GM. True enough, the Rambler models were somewhat different: they had "economy" features, they cost less to build. But Chevrolet, it should not be forgotten, has had its own economy model, a stripped-down car selling for less than $2,000. Partly because of Rambler competition and partly because Chevrolet buyers like gadgetry, GM has decided that the stripped-down Chevvy isn't worth making any more. Accordingly, when GM comes out with its own small car, it will be something new. In other words, there's still some tough price competition ahead for American Motors, the company which bested GM on its 1958 prices! Does this sound as if the price "administrators" of either GM or American Motors have managed to make price competition a static thing?

As to the "market power" which GM, the big fellow, can supposedly invoke to make its prices stick through thick and thin, just how real is it? A GM vice president, looking out at the market, must feel that he has no magic when he tries to command the situation, or even to predict it. In the first place, there are those foreign cars. Then there is the little matter of Ford and Chrysler, not to mention the obstreperous Mr. Romney. But even more important, there are the fifty million old cars that clog the American highway system. Every one of those cars is in the hands not only of a potential buyer but of a potential seller. There are buyers who will only buy a new car when they can get a real good allowance on the turn-in. Knowing this, the GM high command must set its factory prices low enough to permit the dealers some elasticity in making sales to customers who think twice about surrendering values they already possess. Furthermore, once an old car makes its appearance on the used car lot, it immediately becomes competitive with the newest cars in cheaper lines. Many a man has chosen to forego a new Chevrolet simply because he has located a bargain on a used Lincoln or Nash Ambassador.

In "administering" the new car price for the year ahead, the automobile manufacturer must juggle a hundred subtle considerations. He can't afford to make a mistake, for if he does, his dealer organization may have to "eat" the leftovers at the year's end. And the dealer, as Detroit has discovered, can take only just so much indigestion.

Who, then, "administers" the price in the long run? Is it the producer? Or is it the consumer? Or is it the dealer who must allow for the trade-in, or the buyer in the used car market? Common sense, of course, gives the answer: the price "administrator" is a composite of everybody who has anything to do with a year's transactions.

Even if GM could coerce prices, breaking the company up into its operating units wouldn't change the situation. The Ford, the Plymouth, the Rambler and the Dodge would still have the same Chevrolet line with which to compete. In a more expensive field, the Mercury and the DeSoto would still be fighting it out with the Buick. And Chryslers and Lincolns would still be challenging Cadillacs.

So where is Mr. Romney's case? It resides in one contention: that the bigness of General Motors has its reflex in the monopoly power of the United Automobile Workers Union. If we could be sure that "unwinding" GM would result in the dilution of the UAW, it would be worth pursuing.

## Letter from Finland

# Menace of the Friendly Neighbor

IRENE CORBALLY KUHN

When people ask the Communist-hating, independence-loving Finns how it feels to live next door to Soviet Russia, they merely shrug and reply that they've lived next door to the Russians for hundreds of years and one can get used to anything. This implies no cynical acceptance of the unremitting Soviet efforts to conquer Finland by infiltration and subversion.

The Finns fought their first war with the Russians in 1495; and in the succeeding centuries took them on eleven more times, an average of more than twice a century. Finnish territory was surrendered to Russia at various times, and some of it is still in Russian hands. But all attempts at Russification have so far failed; and if Communist Russia ever gets a holding grip on Finland it will only be through betrayal from within, something the Finns comprehend perfectly.

In fact, the only thing the Finns really fear is the world trend toward "realism" and "reasonableness" in dealing with the Russians. This, they realize, may affect the attitude of their young people and, ultimately, the future of Finland. Their problem is to counteract this trend.

One way by which the Communists hope to subvert Finland is through the friendship societies which are such an integral part of modern Finnish life. There is a friendship society for virtually every country with representatives in Finland, to introduce Finnish culture to these foreigners, and their cultures to the Finns. Each society receives financial support from the central government in proportion to its membership.

The fierce independence of the Finns is illustrated by the fact that the Finnish-American society was organized in 1943 when America and Germany were at war. The Germans were in Finland then, but that didn't stop the doughty Mr. Erko, publisher of the Helsinki newspaper *Sanomát,* from starting the Finnish-American Friendship group. Today it is the second largest in the country—but the Finnish-Soviet society, put together much later, is ten times its size.

The Finnish-Soviet society is scattered all over the country in little towns and villages, as well as in the cities, and the interpretation of Russian culture to the Finns goes on around the clock.

The realistic Finns are disturbed by all this, but they are stuck with it. Foreigners are not permitted to join friendship societies; they may only participate. This ruling is a tactful way of keeping the Russians and Chinese from infiltrating and controlling the clubs.

### *Soviet Road Shows*

The American effort to explain our own culture is limited by budget considerations and distance; and while our Embassy in Helsinki, and our United States Information Service—one of the best—do all they can, they suffer under handicaps which do not hobble the Russians. The Soviets recognize that the societies provide excellent outlets for their most subtle and effective propaganda—their talented artists. The proximity of the two countries is of enormous benefit to the USSR. Troupes of singers, musicians, ballet and folk dancers are forever crossing the border, sponsored by local Finnish groups. These troupes give shows of real artistic merit not only in cosmopolitan Helsinki, but all over the country, as far north as the Arctic Circle.

We cannot possibly compete with this kind of continuous road show. For American artists, transportation costs alone are prohibitive. We did bring over the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra and the American Ballet Theatre this year, but it was a vast and expensive undertaking.

Moreover, when the Russians inaugurated their big cultural program, they saw how they could blanket all of Finland with Radio Moscow; and they do. They also cover South Finland with television from Tallinin, in Estonia, which has a big Finnish population. All their films for TV showing are propaganda films, but they are also good entertainment. The news clips are based on meetings between Soviet officials, and youth groups, artfully contrived to promote the idea that life is well worth living in the Soviet Union.

The third theme, after entertainment and news, is the productivity of the USSR. Factories where full automation has been installed; farm equipment of the latest kind in the fields of waving grain; all this, and ballet, and symphony music, dear to Finnish hearts, hammer home the message. American intelligence sources admit the Russians are doing an excellent propaganda job in Finland.

### *Top Communist a Woman*

Besides, there is here, as everywhere, the hard core of Communist fanatics and dupes, present in every country. In Finland, the leader of the Communist Party is a woman, Hertta Kuusinen, the hard, coldly handsome, politically astute daughter of Otto Kuusinen, an Old Bolshevik from way back. Hertta's father went to Russia in 1918, during the Civil War in Finland, when the Red Guards were defeated. He is a member of the Soviet Union's top Presidium. He was too wily or too valuable to be purged, either by Stalin or Khrushchev, and he is one of the few Old Bolsheviks, perhaps the last, in present-day Russia.

Finland's Kuusinen is a worthy daughter of this veteran. She has a curious hobby; she writes fairy tales for little children, and she has just published a new volume. She is probably equally capable of creating tales of horror for future Finnish writers in the Communist drive for power which she so ably and loyally serves.

# Letter from London

### ANTHONY LEJEUNE

## *Public Relations—Political and Diplomatic*

With whoops of glee the Socialists discovered that the Conservative Party has for years employed a firm of professional publicists to conduct its propaganda. "Selling politics like soap," they howled. As a follow-up, they launched a parliamentary attack on the ethics of the advertising profession as a whole. Then, the very next week, the Labor Party produced a highly professional pamphlet, called *The Future Labor Offers You,* which with its bright thumb-index and photographs of happy family firesides resembled nothing so much as a house decorator's color chart. "Glossier than thou," was Lord Hailsham's acid comment.

The Socialists set great store by this pamphlet, which is supposed to capsulize their entire policy. But its contents are insubstantial. We are promised better housing, but there is no clear statement on the proposal to "municipalize" all rented houses. We are promised industrial expansion, but the proposals for wholesale "nationalization by stealth" are skated over. We are promised a "positive" peace policy combined with adequate defense: and the only mention of America occurs in the recommendation to hand over Quemoy and Matsu. We are promised a vast subsidized building program, new schools and more teachers, new hospitals and no charges for drugs, new educational grants, higher pensions, capital investment in the nationalized industries and "the ear-marking of one per cent of the national income" as a gift to the underdeveloped countries of the world. Nothing at all convincing is said about how these things are to be paid for.

The impression comes across very strongly from their pamphlet, from their television performance, from their recent public utterances generally, that the Labor Party team is simply not of a caliber to govern. As if to drive this lesson home, the Socialists in Parliament have been occupying themselves with procedural tricks and petty scandal-hunting.

Meanwhile the real affairs of the world go thundering by. In Ghana, Dr. Nkrumah has set about abolishing the constitutional safeguards which were given to the minorities by Britain only two years ago, and has made a good start on building an African empire. The adhesion of Guinea to Ghana came as a shock to the other members of the Commonwealth, who hadn't even been warned, let alone consulted. Huge problems are raised for the future of the Commonwealth and the security of its defense plans.

Quietly and apparently unlamented, democracy has already disappeared from the Sudan, which the British left just three years ago. The army rules in Burma and in Pakistan. None of this is surprising, perhaps, only the speed of the process was unexpected: but it leaves the Socialists mouthing their liberal clichés into the wind.

### *The Berlin Diversion*

One of the reasons for Khrushchev's hotting up of the Berlin situation is to distract the West from the continuing Communist thrust down through the Middle East into Africa. Another is the hope that Berlin, like Quemoy and Matsu, may provide a useful wedge for driving between Britain and America, or between Britain and America on the one hand and Western Germany on the other. So far this hope has not materialized: there have been only the slightest overt signs of disagreement. But Mr. Khrushchev is giving it time. He has shown himself once again an extremely clever strategist, more formidable because more subtle than Stalin. The lesson for Britain and America is the familiar one: the paramount importance of preserving an unshaken united front.

One of Mr. Macmillan's great achievements was the restoration of Anglo-American relations after Suez: in fact the two countries are probably working and consulting more closely now than at any time since World War Two. This enabled Mr. Macmillan to damp down the disagreement over China to manageable proportions. Also, Mr. Nixon's visit to England came at an opportune moment and proved a success.

Its occasion, the dedicating of an American chapel in St. Paul's cathedral, recalled old comradeship and Mr. Nixon did something to reconcile the right wing of anti-American sentiment by saying a few unexpectedly kind words about British colonialism. It was valuable for the British people to get a look at Mr. Nixon himself. Hitherto he has been vaguely but generally disliked, a bogeyman second only to Mr. Dulles. The British never care much for professional politicians, let alone the very slick type which Mr. Nixon seems to represent.

The newspapers were distinctly hard put to it to find nice things to say about Mr. Nixon before he arrived, though he did have one asset which often makes a politician popular in England: he belongs to a party which has just been defeated. But as a left-wing correspondent wrote lately after seing Mr. Dulles on television: "He seemed much pleasanter than some of us would like him to be." Besides a heavy ceremonial program, Mr. Nixon had quite long private meetings with the leaders of the Conservative and Labor parties, with editors and with industrialists; he held a huge press conference and appeared in a more intimate television interview. He dealt efficiently, if not brilliantly, with questions on China, Berlin and unemployment. If his smile was a shade too ready, it was nevertheless not unengaging. He did a good public relations job.

The situation in Berlin, which Europeans understand as they can hardly be expected to understand China, emphasized the vital importance, far beyond mere sentiment, of the alliance which Mr. Nixon's and Mr. Macmillan's handshake represents. It is the linchpin of the North Atlantic Treaty, the only guarantee of the freedom which Berlin flaunts intolerably beneath the nose of the enemy.

# *Where Khrushchev Fears to Tread*

### RODNEY GILBERT

The tremendous effort that the Mao Tse-tung despotism is making to complete the regimentation of China's rural population in a matter of months—not just here and there, but throughout the whole vast area of China simultaneously—is naturally being watched with great interest by all of Red China's neighbors. All recognize that it is the most desperately risky program that the Mao regime has yet undertaken in its efforts to tighten its control over an enormous mass of sullenly non-cooperative human beings.

Enough has already been published in this country so that little need be said about the program as Peiping has advertised it. The whole country is to be divided into "Communes." Collective and cooperative farms are to go by the board. Farm families will lose the last semblance of a title to their land, their animals, their tools and household utensils, and their individual homes. All will be housed in barracks and fed in big messes. The women will do no cooking, no household chores and no sewing. Clothes for all will be made in small state factories. All small children will be taken from their parents and cared for in public nurseries, so all women will be free for such full-time employment as is assigned them in fields or factories. And those who want to eat, male or female, will work hard or fail to get the tickets that entitle them to such provender as the mess halls serve. Even conventional civil government will be abolished as superfluous; for Communist Party functionaries will be the absolute masters of these communal establishments, with armed forces at their command.

There has been some unintelligent American comment on all this. The belief is aired that Moscow is going to be inordinately jealous of this tremendous undertaking because it is a long stride into pure Communism which Lenin, Stalin and Khrushchev never dared take. This is nonsense.

During the revolution in Russia, great numbers of starving townsfolk abandoned the cities for the countryside. The Bolsheviks had more than seven million acres of confiscated land to dispose of. On some of this land Communes were organized which were more strictly in keeping with Marxist principles than the present Mao Tse-tung plan, for it was the rule that the Commune's produce was to go "to each according to his needs," while each member's contribution was to be "according to his capacity." Nobody had to work any harder than he pleased, therefore little work was done. The Communes never paid their way. A disgusted Stalin, who had already decreed that those who worked were those who ate, finally abolished the whole lot of them with a stroke of the pen.

*Mao Tse-tung*

The *Sovkozy* (State farms) were another kind of communistic experiment that yielded trifling returns. Even after the collective farms had been brought under close control and yielded the government something, their output was never enough to provide the peasants themselves and the urban population with more than subsistence rations after the bureaucracy and the army had been more generously provisioned. So it was that Nikita Khrushchev, at some time in 1949, came up with his grandiose scheme for putting the entire peasantry into *"agrogorodi"* (farm cities).

The villages were to be destroyed, the garden plots of the collective farmers were to be taken from them, together with their family pigs, chickens, cows and bees. They were to be moved into communities in which they would live in barracks and mess together. They were to be moved onto the land daily for assigned work and returned to their barracks at night. They were to be no more entitled than factory workers to own the tools and machines they used, and like factory workers they were to be paid wages and have no share in the products of their labor. Thus divorced from village life, its traditions and customs, they would cease to think of themselves as peasants—a breed apart—and learn to think as good citizens of the socialist State.

Nothing much of this was known abroad until March 1950, when it was announced that quite a few *agrogorodi* had already been established by lumping from two to five collective farms together, razing villages and turning the peasants into wage earners. During the ensuing months some publicity was given to these establishments as set up in the Moscow and Stalingrad areas and in the Ukraine. Then, of course, there had to be a giant establishment named the "Stalin *Agrogorod.*" That was near Khersin and it was proclaimed in the press that 960 buildings, apart from administrative offices, had been erected to take care of the peasants whose villages had been destroyed.

## *A Gigantic Flop*

Somehow things didn't go so well. A. A. Andreev, who had been supreme boss of all agricultural ventures for some years, was dismissed in November 1950, and Nikita Khrushchev himself was put in command. Still something, never explained abroad, was going very wrong with the *agrogorodi,* for quite early in 1951 Moscow confessed that the whole idea was a flop and had been abandoned. Inquirers in the Soviet capital heard two explanations. The erection of enough buildings to house all of Soviet Russia's denatured peasants called for a staggering investment. Moreover, the peasants were so emphatic in their disapproval that even such bold and ruthless masters as Stalin and Khrushchev had been

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# THE IVORY TOWER

**WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.**

## *Mr. Reuther Goes to Yale*

Perhaps it was an omen that the placards announcing the impending arrival at Yale University of Walter Reuther were printed in a non-union shop. If it had been Shakespeare due in town to write the third act of *Hamlet*, and then read it at Woolsey Hall at eight, his scheduled movements throughout the day could not have been planned with more loving care. From the moment Reuther and his retinue were met at the airport by the mayor, and a resplendent delegation, Walter Reuther was not permitted to be alone, or untended. And yet his visit was a flop.

It all began when a group of Yale students, banding together as the Undergraduate Lecture Committee, wrote letters to galactic Yale alumni, asking for help in persuading luminaries to visit the campus. It is not clear why a special committee had to be formed to bring important people to Yale, since they go there anyway, as a matter of course. In any event, Walter Reuther's visitation inaugurated the committee's first season. In the few days immediately before his arrival, nervous representatives of the Undergraduate Lecture Committee, sensing undergraduate resistance to the great display, worried about filling the enormous hall where Reuther was scheduled to speak. Invitations to New Haven townspeople were accordingly pressed, and it is a lucky thing that they were, because it was mostly they, rather than undergraduates, whom Reuther ended up talking to.

The purpose of the Undergraduate Lecture Committee is to bring to campus men of formidable temporal power, to make it easier for the undergraduate to know, having heard it at first hand, just what it is they stand for. The objective, in this case, is to understand Walter Reuther's economic views. But Reuther's "economics" is nothing more than a haphazard agglutination of egalitarian and Marxist clichés. This does not alter the fact that the illusion is widespread that Reuther is the agent of a new synthesis in modern economics. But it is an illusion, and evidently it was penetrated last week at Yale.

What *is* Reuther's message? Well, to begin with, everybody has got to be "dynamic." Labor has got to be dynamic, business must be dynamic, government must be dynamic, the courts, our thinking, our schools—everything. It is Mr. Reuther's favorite word. Then there is the devil in the piece, *i.e.*, someone behaving undynamically, and he is big business, vested interests, warmongers, or disobedient politicians. Those who are undynamic contrive to drain off from the working class money that is rightfully theirs, which money they stash away some place, or dissipate, thus taking the dynamism out of our economy, which therefore becomes depressed. For example, 1953-1958 (recognize?) have been undynamic years. They were years of an "under-utilization of productive resources." Had the rate of growth gone forward dynamically, the gross national product would have been *"140 billion dollars higher* over this period." Specifically, Mr. Reuther, whose talk was entitled "Freedom's Challenge in a Dynamic Economy," came out for 1) statesmanship at the bargaining table; 2) industrial agreements "based on facts rather than on power"; 3) a unity of purpose between labor and management; 4) the revitalization of the free market place of ideas; and 4) doing away with "double standards of economics and morality at the bargaining table."

Yale listened—and, for the most part, responded most undynamically. A committee called "The Yale Committee for Individual Rights" ran a full-page ad in the student newspaper, addressing some uncomfortable questions to Mr. Reuther, *e.g.*, "If you do not, as you have stated, desire political power either for yourself, or for the labor unions in general, how do you explain the lavish expenditures of your Committee on Political Education?" A Yale *professor, of economics,* commented that "there is little danger that either [Reuther's] treatment or most of his figures will be confused with the sum of reality . . . Most conspicuously absent was any facing up to the big issue—the question of how much power any pressure group in a society should have to tilt the economy in its favor at the expense of other groups . . . What is good for the UAW—or GM—is not necessarily what is best for America, even if Walter Reuther and Charlie Wilson sing it as a duet. It is not clear, for example, why ill-paid New Haven school teachers should, in effect, have to make a transfer payment to highly paid monopolies of bricklayers or auto-workers in order to enjoy their products."

And from the chairman of the undergraduate newspaper, the *Yale Daily News:*

"If brilliance rests upon the ability to sustain one's popularity by welding together incompatibles in the minds of the working public, by joining inconsistencies under the banner of economic progress, by in short befuddling the shallow mass by making the contradictory seem correct, then Walter Philip Reuther is surely an original and creative mind . . .

"Mr. Reuther . . . assured us [at a press conference] that he was as afraid of encroaching 'bigness' in labor and government as we were . . . Within thirty minutes he had a) proposed that government should resume wholesale appropriation of private industry's tasks in the fields of health, education, welfare, social security, retirement pensions, and defense production; b) reminded us of his plan . . . whereby all [major] industrial decisions would be subjected to public review [by government]; and c) recalled [nostalgically] his wartime Peace Production Board, a proposed nine-man committee with full control over materials, manpower, distribution and consumption.

"In an . . . attack on right to work legislation, he appealed to the principle of 'majority rule' which, he said, had vindicated the principle of col-

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# »BOOKS · ARTS · MANNERS«

## Witness to Disaster

### FORREST DAVIS

The World War II memoirs of General Albert C. Wedemeyer, published under the peremptory title *Wedemeyer Reports!* (Holt, $6.00), is the most poignant and contemporary of all the apologias of the great captains of the West. While the Eisenhowers, Alanbrookes and Montgomerys celebrate their contributions to a past military triumph, intending no harm to their reputations, the late commander of the China theater is compelled to elaborate a massive political defeat the measure of which we have not yet taken—a defeat only explicable in terms of criminal ignorance in Washington, or treason. The literally honest and still tormented author of this epilogue to disaster entered history not as a victorious general but as an unwilling, often protesting, witness to the delivery of a loyal and strategically vital ally to world Communism, a delivery impairing our hard-won command of the Pacific and opening the United States to unimaginable danger from the Asia Wedemeyer thought to secure for the free world.

So contemporary is the Wedemeyer story that the Quemoy crisis is its footnote. Since we learn only from history, when we do, we can best understand the defeatism, and worse, that now bids us abandon the offshore islands, Formosa and, in effect, our forward defenses in the Western Pacific by reference to the forces observed if not always identified by General Wedemeyer, which steadfastly procured disaster in China.

Although Wedemeyer was not at Yalta when the infirm Franklin D. Roosevelt purchased Josef Stalin's participation in a war from which he could not have been excluded, by illicitly and cynically restoring the Czarist hegemony over Manchuria, the General was forced to endure the consequences. At the war's end, with the Red Army accepting the capitulation of a passive Kwantung army, Wedemeyer had to stand by while Soviet generals looted the vast industrial complex of Manchuria and handed their Yenan stooges the surrendered hardware and stores (as well as great military stocks shipped by an infatuated Washington to the Red Far Eastern army for its Manchurian campaign) which enabled Yenan to overwhelm the Nationalist armies deprived by our policy.

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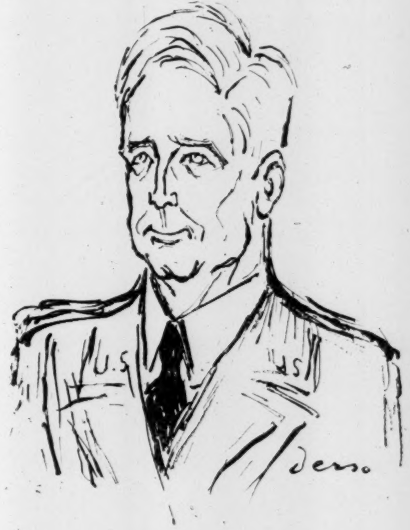
The rest of the disaster, so far as it was overt, Wedemeyer witnessed from his Chungking arrival in the fall of 1944 to relieve General Joseph C. (Vinegar Joe) Stilwell (who lacked the grace to turn over his command in person) until, having rendered his famous Report in 1947, he sat by in impotence while General George C. Marshall suppressed its unwelcome counsel for two years. By 1949 the doom of America's China position, foreseen by Wedemeyer unless we revised the Marshall policy, had come to pass.



In the primitive, war-battered Chungking of 1944 Wedemeyer found a Chiang Kai-shek made mistrustful by Stilwell, a demoralized Nationalist army, an American ambassador (Patrick J. Hurley) still doubting Yenan's league with Moscow, an American colony violently adverse to Chiang and smitten with Chou En-lai, and political advisers inherited from Stilwell. These advisers—John Paton Davies, John Stewart Service, John Emmerson and Raymond Ludden—openly adhered to the Yenan Communists. They were, as Wedemeyer recalls it, "disseminating exaggerated or false, Communist-inspired reports concerning the Nationalist government designed to stir up all manner of Sino-American distrust"—disseminating these falsehoods to the State Department and the Pentagon as well as to Wedemeyer and all Chungking.

It is the measure of Wedemeyer's acuity and maturity that, from being a junior staff officer intellectually at odds with his political superiors, he became at Chungking a wise and far-seeing proconsul as well as an effective military administrator. Chou and his pudgy boss, Mao Tse-tung, had on visits to Chungking persuaded Americans that they were in truth "agrarian reformers." Wedemeyer was totally unpersuaded. Understanding the unvarying methods of Communism, its "lying, intimidation, murder and enslavement," the General knew also that the venality of Chinese officialdom and the "bottomless poverty" of the masses were due to causes far antedating Chiang.

In one revealing conversation in Wedemeyer's house, he provoked Mao and Chou into angry admissions that their goal was not the peace and well-being of China but power in the name of the revolution. As Mao put it, "the Chinese revolution is an integral part of the world revolution against imperialism, feudalism and capitalism." To Wedemeyer, Mao confirmed his knowledge that Yenan was our enemy as well as that of our ally.

Establishing relations of confidence with Chiang and learning to respect that statesman's character, if not his strategical perceptions, Wedemeyer brought harmony to Sino-American affairs and trained crack Chinese divisions. V-J Day rendered nugatory a well-advanced plan to break through to the South China coast. The rest was anti-climactic. Wedemeyer disposed Nationalist forces in North and East China, taking a commanding position *vis-à-vis* the Communists. Then, in December, came Marshall, forbidding Chiang to pacify the country by force and ordering him into an impossible coalition with a strongly-armed Mao bent solely upon conquest.

Although Wedemeyer differed with Marshall in Shanghai over the disastrous nature of his mission and publicly opposed it thereafter, he seemed unaware that Marshall himself wrote his directive and solicited his task, which, in thirteen months, readied the Nationalists for the kill. The memoirs of Admiral William J. Leahy and James F. Byrnes, and the testimony of Dean Acheson before the Russell Committee establish Marshall's authorship of the China policy out of which grew his infamous directive. Wedemeyer's indulgence toward his former patron is understandable yet it distorts his comprehension of the tragedy in its entirety.

The gifted, honorable savior of our China position in 1944 promises a more searching sequel. Meanwhile, his present work sheds an immensely valuable light on the processes through which we surrendered China, producing the Korean war and our current anxieties in the Straits of Formosa.

## *Social Worker Supreme*

# Mrs. R. and Her Welfare World

### JAMES BURNHAM

THERE MAY BE a few cynics (Mr. Arthur Krock seems to be among them) who will not go quite all the way with Prof. Arthur Schlesinger Jr., in finding Eleanor Roosevelt a "very good and very wise old lady" (*very,* mind you) and a "luminous idealist, yearning for the good, the true and the beautiful," but I suppose we must all grant her to be "the leading American woman of our time," and even "the incomparable First Lady of the World" (I take it that "UN" is what Prof. Schlesinger means by "World"). In celebration of her 74th birthday on October 11, the publishers brought out three volumes of incense, one of them (*On My Own,* Harper, $4.00) swung by her own lusty hand. If the normally unsung 74th rates a trio, think of the treats ahead for the three-quarter century mark—and *then* the Centennial!

As a matter of fact, I hope that some day somebody *will* write a biography instead of a blurb about Eleanor Roosevelt, but I imagine this will have to wait for an age that can look at her from outside her own categories. Her career, of course, is a pushover for amateur Freudians—so juicy, indeed, that even this year's acolytes can't resist some sly smacks of their fulsome pens.

Though Anna Eleanor's arrival was "hailed" by her father as "a miracle from heaven," Messrs. Richard Harrity and Ralph G. Martin (*Eleanor Roosevelt: Her Life in Pictures,* Duell, $5.95) inform us that "her mother could not conceal her disappointment that her daughter had not inherited the Hall beauty." Mr. Alfred Steinberg amplifies (*Mrs. R.: The Life of Eleanor Roosevelt,* Putnam, $5.00): "She took it as a personal affront that Eleanor was not a ravishing beauty"; and, because the child was so "plain" and "tense and never smiled," the mother gave her the spine-curdling nickname of "Granny."

The gay, doting, irresponsible father drank himself to death by the time the child was eight, after having been sent away from his family even before the mother died, two years earlier. Grandmother Hall—"a stern disciplinarian to whom DUTY was a sacred word"—took over. There were two alcoholic uncles to be led home from New York bars, and later on an alcoholic brother, about whose end in 1941 Mr. Steinberg tells an altogether macabre tale: "Hall [the brother] insisted that Eleanor take him to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. Every day his tearful sister came from the White House to visit him, and in his last week she spent entire nights with him. . . . He needed his liquor more than ever toward the end, and though she knew it had been his ruination, he must have it, and so she brought his ration of gin each day to the hospital." (Mrs. Roosevelt first broke her own "lifelong aversion to alcohol," according to these chroniclers, to drink champagne—from a paper cup—to her husband's victory over Herbert Hoover.)

The hard mother who exiled the beloved, soft father; the stern Kantian grandmother; and then, ah then, the mother-in-law of all mothers-in-law: Sara Roosevelt, who not only provided Eleanor's houses (without consulting Eleanor) but chose their linen and furniture, staffed them with servants, and had doors cut through the walls from her own house next door; Sara Roosevelt, who when Franklin moved into the White House dining room for his first meal as President, was on her son's arm as "his lady," with Eleanor walking behind.

WHAT a vengeance our Granny has visited on a world that treated her thus. But the Freudian angle is too banal, really. I prefer to play it as a fairy story, following Aunt Edith's (Mrs. T. R.'s) lead in her comment after Eleanor's first childhood visit to Sagamore Hill: "Poor little soul, she is very plain. Her mouth and teeth seem to have no future. But the ugly duckling may turn out to be a swan." Yes: and when our ugly duckling—our "painfully shy" Cinderella, Snow White, Alice Sit-by-the-Fire, forced by the witch-ogre grandmother to appear in a horrible "party dress which came above her knees, making her seem all legs"—was sitting glued to the wall, suddenly her cousin, Prince Charming Franklin Roosevelt, "walked across the floor and asked her to dance." Take it from there, Hans Christian Andersen.

We have recently been told (in analyses, for example, of Mr. Nixon's conduct in the late lamented campaign) that in the epoch of mass democracy a political leader succeeds by projecting a compelling public image. What is the essential image projected by this public swan that rose from the ashes of the family duckling? Messrs. Harrity and Martin have stumbled on it, I think: "Service is the key to her core," they conclude, with a grinding of metaphors, on p. 206.

Or let us put it this way: Mrs. Roosevelt is the Supreme Social Service Worker. She is the Social Service Worker infinitely magnified, like the movie spider which, mutated to a size larger than the First Pyramid, scans the countryside from a thousand eyes each big as a bathtub, and grabs its helpless prey in one of its mile-long legs: I speak of horror movies, of course. At her macrocosmic level Mrs. Roosevelt makes all the world her personal slum; and on her flat-heeled shoes she charges her humorless way across oceans and continents as a lesser social service lady pounds the sidewalks of Chicago's South Side or New York's Tenth Avenue.

She carries to its global limit the defining social service trait: an insatiable appetite for sticking one's nose into everybody else's business. With the endemic social service condescension given an international arena, her powerful arms stretch out to wipe the noses, scatter the fleas, sterilize the latrines, brainwash the ideas and purify the morals of all the unfortunate and benighted whose lives are not organized according to the social service manual. And woe to that unwary man, or woman too (as Miss Irene Dunne lately found out when she essayed modest approval of Right-to-Work), who doesn't say, "Yes, Ma'am," when Mrs. R. states the rules for housetraining the babies. What a rich human pudding, this new Welfare World of ours! Just a countless stuffing of misfits, whiners and shoving minorities—besides the eternal, resigned and therefore uninteresting poor—for the Social Service Worker to pull out with her thumb, and to thank God that she is not as.

Prof. Schlesinger, in his *New York Times* review of Mr. Steinberg's book, from which I quoted above, questions that zealous biographer's conclusion, propped by a hundred anecdotes, that Mrs. R. was chief architect of the New Deal. (Prof. Schlesinger believes that her husband—of whom and whose time *he* is zealous biographer—must be granted at least an auxiliary credit line.) But it is not really a question of which came first, Mrs. Roosevelt-chicken or New Deal-egg. It is rather that Mrs. Roosevelt and the New Deal were made for each other by a preordained harmony, like Leibniz' two perfect clocks that always told the same time. For after all, what else is the Welfare State but the dream, the Utopia (or the nightmare, if you will) of the Social Service Worker?

As for the very occasional old tramp who looks up from his relaxing gutter just long enough to say—as perhaps a few more have thought without saying—"Go lump it, Eleanor," he is naturally consigned to that outer darkness where Richard Nixon, Louis Budenz and the spirit of Joe McCarthy lie gnashing their teeth.

At the rate our spacemen are advancing, it looks as if they'll be ready for the planets before Mrs. Roosevelt for the grave. It's a sure bet she'll be on the first passenger liner. So watch out, you Martians!

# Candle to the Insect Mind

### EDWARD CASE

THE LATE Joyce Cary did not publish his first novel until 1932, when he was in his forty-fourth year. This would be interesting but not remarkable until we consider that in the remaining twenty-five years of his life, a fifth of which were anxious years of war, he published fourteen more novels (and much else) and these, in their entirety, constitute one of the enduring achievements of literature.

It is Cary's early silence to which we must turn for the key to his posthumously published inquiry, *Art and Reality* (Harper, $3.00). These years of silence were not, like Conrad's, years of adventure and preparation. They were years of active literary effort, in which thousands of pages of manuscript were turned out, only to be rejected by the author himself. Why? Cary's answer is decisive. "I had not yet found an idea of life satisfying to myself."

He had not, in short, found his philosophy, his principle of selection, his tool for the artistic organization of the raw, chaotic stuff of ordinary experience. And so, having no satisfactory ordering concept, he could not create that order which is art. One cannot ultimately manipulate or symbolize the world without knowing. Art finally depends on a notion of reality.

It is upon this essential insight that Cary's complex and delicate analysis of the active quality of mind in the process of artistic creation depends. No contemporary writer has seen so clearly or come to grips so surely with the fundamental artistic problem of the age.

Before modern man and, especially, modern woman got Romantic about Art, art was more important than *the artist.* The artist was a craftsman, a skilled worker. There was no blether about genius. Princes, noblemen, churchmen and philosophers, these were the important people. And so nobody had cause to become an artist unless he really had some feeling about it.

This left the situation clear. Art had no *cachet.* Since the untalented did not then aspire to artistic careers for extraneous reasons, poseurs and fools had small incentive to the arts. And thus the need for critics was small; nor, indeed, considering the status of the arts, could criticism have become a serious pursuit.

When truth was generally agreed upon, schismatic variations apart, the artist illustrated truth; he did not look for it. He made symbols, but the meanings were already there. He made music to an established text. His plays and stories were celebrations and admonitions, but they were always representations. The artist was not an inquirer or discoverer; he was not a "creator" as we use the term today because only God created, and only religion and philosophy comprehended Him.

And so, too, the personality of the artist was no matter. Indeed, anonymity was no burden to those whose hope of immortality lay elsewhere.

But then men learned that knowledge may be used for power as well as understanding. Man became, in his own mind, a creator as well as a creature. Human power, unleashed, became the object of its own adoration. And the scientist and the artist, losing their priestly function, themselves became objects of curiosity, wonder and veneration. And the artist who may in the past have achieved immortality without thinking about it, now, in his capacity as self-conscious creator, sought purposefully that ultimate attribute, if not of Diviniy, at least of the angelic.

This was the sin of pride, the illusion of power, the mushroom candle which attracts the modern insect mind. And pride begets conflict and confusion. And then simplicity of purpose, the moral unity of a more modest time, leaves the artist. For standards are no longer given; they must be sought. Man becomes the measure, and the measurer. The ruling problem of art then becomes moral, as all problems of human conduct are in the end.

HENCE the modern fascination with the personality of the artist. Hence the artist as contemporary cultural hero. Hence such books as *Writers at Work*, edited by Malcolm Cowley (Viking, $5.00), a collection of sixteen interviews originally appearing in *The Paris Review*, in which the writer is approached with the rapt adoration formerly reserved for saints and royal sinners.

I am quite sure that this book is as full of hokum as would be, for example, a collection of interviews with tycoons explaining the principles and methods by which they achieved success. But nevertheless the clinical eye may derive considerable insight from these pages.

One diagnoses, for example, the feline toughness of Truman Capote, the roughneck weakness of Nelson Algren, as one did not before. And the trivialities: the innocent triviality of Françoise Sagan; the clever triviality of Dorothy Parker; the pompous triviality of E. M. Forster; the tired triviality of James Thurber. Yet, not all of the writers in this book leave a curious bouquet. William Faulkner, aside from a trifling dressing of grandiloquence, speaks with prophetic grace and vigor.

This is a fascinating book in its disclosure of personalities. And fascinating in another sense is *I Wanted to Write a Poem*, by Dr. William Carlos Williams, edited by Edith Heal (Beacon $3.95), for the entire literary career of Dr. Williams is, let me give my blunt appraisal, a classic case history of *cacoethes scribendi*, a striking illustration of how alluring and compulsive the pursuit of artistic reputation and achievement can be to the determined man without talent. One finds in this book, which is a series of dictated remarks about the backgrounds of his numerous works, a pathetic, almost pathological desire to be a writer, an intoxication with being a writer for the kick of it, which is proof of what we have been talking about as a manifestation of the age.

On the other hand, *Dickens at Work*, by John Butt and Kathleen Tillotson (Essential Books, $6.25) is an intricately detailed, scholarly, seriously engrossing study of the actual working methods of Dickens, the technique and craft by which he built his universe. Here is the craftsman, accomodating himself to the set measures of periodical production, working by quota, limited by the stringent Victorian conventions of subject and expression, in short, the artist adjusting himself to the tools which his world afforded him and transcending them with genius that was unselfconscious, unpretentious and unafraid.

This is an essay about books about writers of books. In a Golden Age of art it would be an absurdity. If it is anyway, it is for a less happy reason.

# The Road to Millstown

## M. STANTON EVANS

PARALLEL development of mind and body was a central idea in the canons of Greek humanism; it has remained for the self-styled Liberal "humanists" of this century to give the concept a unique dimension, wherein certain calisthenics are performed in the very expression of one's ideas. In *The Causes of World War Three* (Simon and Schuster, $3.50)—a discussion of how Americans should behave toward the threat of Soviet Communism—we find the author, C. Wright Mills, strenuously pressing his belly to the floor.

In Mills' case the "humanism" (he so represents his views) falls something short of Periclean grandeur; in a monomaniacal obsession with animal survival, at the expense of every value peculiar to civilization, there can be little room for the dignity of man. So it inevitably happens that, after a long wallow before the ikon of Soviet might, Mills comes up with a foreign-policy program that might well be described as "massive capitulation."

For an extremist whose paranoid view of U.S. society (*The Power Elite*) proved too much even for confirmed Liberals, Mills begins rationally enough. The opening chapters of his new book contain some criticisms of present American policy which, as long as the matter of substitute proposals does not come up, are perfectly sound. For instance, he observes that, while the United States is engaged in a furious "arms race" with the Soviet Union, it has no clear national objective which its armaments are meant to serve. True enough. But Mills' proposed solution immediately breaks all contact with the world of what he calls "crackpot realism." He urges that we simply get out of the arms race, and thus complement our lack of objective with a lack of means. Happy reconciliation! He does not entertain an alternative solution to the problem of massive wherewithal and unspecified ends, namely: that analysis of the threat which prompted the creation of so many weapons ought to suggest a proper use for the bargaining strength afforded by them.

Mills, however, does not grant the United States much in the way of strength (*"It is surely obvious that the Russians have little to learn from Americans about the focal point of military science"*); so, naturally, he inveighs against any steps to make us stronger (*"scientists . . . ought not, I believe, to encourage the US elite to straighten out its Science Machine in order to catch up with and overtake the USSR's"*); and in fact he says explicitly that the cure for our alleged weakness is to become weaker (*"the U.S. Government should at once unilaterally cease all further production of 'extermination' weapons—all A- and H-bombs and nuclear warheads included"*). All of which makes sense if your initials are N.K. and your house has onion towers on it; otherwise, it doesn't quite add up.

Mills' specific proposals, seventeen in all, render superfluous any attempt to satirize Liberal thought by pushing it to its most delirious extremes; he has done the job with such fanatic thoroughness that no touch of absurdity remains to be added. His program rings the changes on the theme of survival by surrender, including such points as the following: to accept the "fact" of coexistence; to "reason together" perpetually with the Soviets; to knock out all regulations aimed at insuring U.S. internal security; to end nuclear tests; to encourage all free European states—"in particular West Germany"—to disarm forthwith; to recognize Red China and other Communist regimes; and so on.

It must be as obvious to Mills as to anyone else that America's renunciation of all means of national defense would result in the victory of the Soviet Union. Such an outcome, however, would not diminish the internal consistency of his position: foremost among his seventeen points is the demand that Americans realize that "war, and not Russia, is now the enemy," and if the great desideratum is simply to avoid war, period, then the probable triumph of world Communism no doubt seems a trifling consideration.

It is possible, of course, that the idea of Communist conquest of the United States just hasn't occurred to him. Although he is at pains to glorify the military accomplishments of the Soviet Union, he never once suggests that it has any designs on the sovereignty of the United States.

THIS REFUSAL to confront the principal reality of our age—the Soviet drive to encompass the globe—in itself destroys whatever claim Mills might make to have his book taken seriously; and the refusal is characteristic. There is nothing in this book for the mind to grapple with. It is in no sense an argument—a discourse in which facts are integrated around known premises; nor is it an effective polemic. It is simply a gumbo of sullen affirmations.

Nevertheless, as a symptom of current neuroses, the book demands our serious reflection. America's national survival is now threatened as never before in our history; on every hand we may observe our ramparts crumbling before the onslaught of the enemy. What are we to think, in such a crisis, when a prominent American scholar, under the imprint of a reputable publishing house, tells us quite unashamedly that we ought to give up?

If his were a lonely evangel, promoting some scheme hopeless of attainment, we might readily enough dismiss him; but the unsettling point is that Wright Mills is not an isolated phenomenon. His thought sums up all the abject yearnings of the Eatons and the Paulings, as well as of the more respectable Cousinses, Lippmanns and Stassens. It is an intensification—and hardly more than that—of standard Liberal attitudes on foreign policy. Granted that his words are a ghastly caricature of the prevailing ideology; they are nevertheless caricature—not invention.

## Random Notes

**A biography of James V. Forrestal,** who as Secretary of the Navy and Secretary of Defense fought so hard before his tragic death to alert the country to the Communist danger, is announced for forthcoming publication by Atlantic, Little-Brown. It is being written by John McClain, the drama critic of the *New York Journal-American* and president of the New York Critics Circle.

**Next season** Katharine Cornell will play the part of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in a comedy, *Dear Liar,* based on letters exchanged between Mrs. Campbell and Bernard Shaw.

**With the award** of the Nobel Prize to Pasternak, *Doctor Zhivago* has knocked *Lolita* from the top of all the best-seller lists. *Around the World with Auntie Mame,* however, remains firmly in third place. Which proves something, though we are not sure just what.

The success of *Lolita,* as a matter of fact, has had rather an astonishing effect upon the advertising and public-relations men who write the advance blurbs to the book trade for forthcoming books. Among a number of delicate and not-so-delicate hints about new books in such copy that we have seen recently, we are particularly intrigued by the Funk & Wagnalls release on Robert Payne's *The Gold of Troy: The Story of Heinrich Schliemann and the Cities of Ancient Greece,* which will be, we are told, a March selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. The epic of Schliemann's discovery of Troy is familiar enough, but now it appears it was all complicated by "a hopeless sexual passion" and a "child-bride by his side." A rough check with one of our classical consultants could not establish the age of the "child-bride," but did elicit the information that—unlike Lolita—she knew most of Homer by heart.

**Book promotion** does become more and more bewildering. Popular Library reports that it "has been conducting a successful sales promotion campaign among teachers in public and parochial high schools emphasizing the Popular Library editions of *Webster's New World Dictionary* and *Facts of Life and Love for Teen-Agers.* F.S.M.

## *Movies*

# A Puckish Incursion

### GARRY WILLS

FOR ten minutes, *Damn Yankees* is just another movie, despite the devil who shows up immediately in red tie and socks. He is not really a devil; merely a very fine actor named Ray Walston. But the elf who finally peeks through the celluloid illusion is real, though she is listed as a mortal actress—Gwen Verdon—in the credits. I blame no one for doubting what I say, since everyone knows that all the elves and pixies have been banished from our poor world. The gods, with their cruel sense of irony, disturb our nether darkness with Hollywood musicals instead of midsummer-night dreams. But, on rare occasions, a particularly subtle sprite darts out of Theseus' troupe into Mr. Goldwyn's or Mr. DeMille's.

*Damn Yankees* is about a baseball fan who would do anything to get a pennant for the Senators. With a "poof," the plausible devil appears, puffing his hell-fire through a laboratory-tested filter. "Anything?" he asks this Faust of the bullpen, and the cameras transform the fat and balding fan into a young athlete who can save the Senators. Hollywood is most obstrusively itself when the young ballplayer turns out to be Tab Hunter.

But this is the moment when the floundering "Bottom's play" is rescued by a Puckish incursion from another world. The red-haired imp appears. In the story she plays Lola, the devil's top seduction-artist, who is supposed to keep Faust's mind off his wife until he wins the pennant and loses his soul. Hell should not be weak in the seduction department, yet Lola is very inefficient. Though she sings and dances an entirely engaging boast ("Whatever Lola wants, Lola gets"), she cannot get to first base with the cloddish Tab Hunter. She makes every seductive wink and wiggle a satire on itself, then pouts at her failure; falls in love with her victim; gets drunk; is punished by being transformed into her original hag-self, now centuries old.

Everything that "Gwen Verdon" does gives her away. Her legs are far too perfect to belong to any mortal creature, her figure too supple, her hair too lambent, her dancing too quicksilvery, her elfin features too eloquent. Modern men do not deserve this kind of blessing. Some Prospero has, no doubt, already been sent to capture her. (Perhaps, since prosperity is the Spirit of Hollywood, he is a merchant of the cinema's toy dolls, who will tame her and make her join his collection of "stars.") But Ariel is for the moment uncaptured.

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK VAN DOREN (Harcourt, $5.00). Autobiography, like poetry, should follow Wordsworth's prescription of "emotion recollected in tranquility." In Mark Van Doren's account of his life, the tranquility is dominant, but the emotion has been somewhere mislaid. As he moves from happy boyhood and placid adolescence in rural Illinois to his present eminence as one of Columbia's outstanding teachers, the single note is placidity. In page after page, he runs a gamut from quiet approval to affectionate remonstrance. The poems which interrupt the reminiscent flow are technically fine, but cool enough to make Dryden or Pope sound ardent. Colleagues like the in-turned Joseph Wood Krutch and the brilliantly bravura Raymond Weaver are cut to the same mood as the students who enjoyed Van Doren's friendship—Meyer Schapiro, Clifton Fadiman, Thomas Merton, Whittaker Chambers, Lionel Trilling, and a host of others—all violently dissimilar to other eyes. They are a shadowy crew, artificially participating in Van Doren's divorcement from the manic depressions of existence.

R. DE TOLEDANO

LITERARY DISTRACTIONS, by Ronald Knox (Sheed & Ward, $5.50). For anyone who enjoys civilized and stimulating discourse on man and letters—uninhibited by the demands of clique or fashion—this is the perfect bedside book. On R. L. Stevenson, Belloc, detective stories, translation into English, France and the French, Greece, and Dr. Johnson, each essay is in exquisite taste and each leaves one wishing it were a book. Ronald Knox's recent death deprives English letters of one of the last of the servitors of the Great Tradition.

F. S. MEYER

THE SPLENDID LITTLE WAR, by Frank Freidel (Atlantic, Little-Brown, $8.50). The Spanish-American War lasted only four months. Casualties were light—even if not in proportion to the men engaged. It was a war of blunders and inefficiency on the part of the American high command, and if the Spaniards had not been equally inept we might have been led to a military disaster. Yet for the men who fought its battles the Spanish-American War produced engagements as real and bloody, in their lesser way, as Antietam or Belleau Wood or the Normandy beaches. So one is grateful indeed to Professor Freidel for this magnificently illustrated and revivifying account of our almost forgotten war, "this splendid little war" as John Hay called it in a letter to the Rough Rider colonel. What is difficult to understand today is why it ever occurred in the first place. But we have had more splendid wars since with even more frustrating results. The Spanish-American War was only the beginning. Did they ever read Clausewitz at West Point?

F. RUSSELL

**The following advertisement has been placed by The Bookmailer, Inc. in English-language publications in Tokyo, Hong Kong, Manila, Taipei, Djakarta, Bangkok and New York, to appear on 15 December, 1958.**

* * *

The Bookmailer is publisher and distributor of two important books on the subject of Communist China and its unfitness for acceptance into the family of nations.

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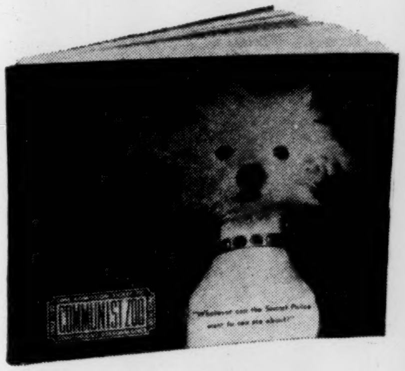

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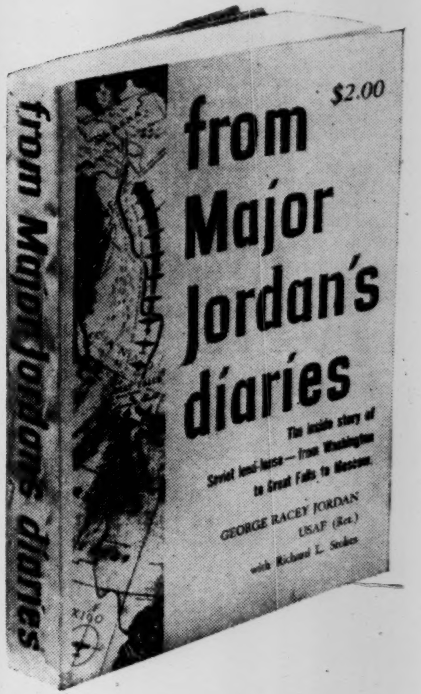
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# To the Editor

### *The Conservative Challenge*

I have just turned from reading "The Republican Party is a wreck" in the November 15 BULLETIN. I have not written to quarrel with the thesis but to suggest that the solution is not and cannot be the solution of General de Gaulle. If we wait for the American electorate to discover of its own sound reason the virtues of the conservative viewpoint, that discovery will never be made.

I think the party is in extremes because it has had no new ideas since the death of Senator Taft. It is suffering from a lack of creative leadership able to hazard the solution of contemporary problems in terms of enduring principle. I believe that we must find new solutions to our domestic and international problems, and if I thought for a moment that the party on the left offered these new solutions I would become a supporter of Reuther and Company. This last election, however, was won for the Democratic Party in 1932. Its solutions are two, slogans and money; both wrong, deceptive and simple-minded.

We are adrift, and conservative thinking is being done by the conservative minorities and splinter-groups; the lunatic fringe of the Right.

Full employment was the issue which lost the last election. There was little actual want but a great uncertainty, especially here in Michigan. The campaign should have been waged on what seems to me to have been the real issue, foreign policy. We may have purchased bread at the price of liberty—I hope it is the liberty of someone else, but I am worried.

The Republican Party and conservatism cannot win an election until it has solved the problem of full employment within the framework of a realistic budget. If the party does not devote itself to this problem immediately and successfully it will never win another election, anywhere.

*Ann Arbor, Mich.* STEPHEN TONSOR

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### *Who Is Witte?*

You have shaken my faith in NATIONAL REVIEW, which until now I considered one of the last fortresses of reliability and editorial honesty.

In the November 22 issue you discuss the tax problems of one Fredericus Witte, who is not further identified. . . . While perhaps you intended merely to reflect on the antics of tax collectors in general, you did your readers a disservice by not informing them that the whole episode took place in The Netherlands, that Fredericus Witte was Dutch, that the tax inspector was Dutch, the Tax Court was Dutch, the Supreme Court was Dutch.

*Honolulu, Hawaii* LARRY COTT

NATIONAL REVIEW *apologizes for the inadvertent omission, pleads the universality of bureaucratic folkways, concedes it is nevertheless in Dutch.* —ED.

### *Protestants in Protest*

I would like to correct Mr. Bozell's statement that "Among numerically prominent Protestant bodies, only the Southern Baptist Convention has declined to affiliate" with the National Council of Churches of Christ ("The Voice of American Protestantism?" December 6).

The conservative Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod, with over two million members, is not affiliated with the NCC. Of course, the point could be made that we are not Protestants. If Protestantism is to be equated with the thinking of the National and World Councils of Churches, I wholeheartedly agree.

*Washington, D.C.* DAVID FRANKE

### *Democracy Has No Limits*

To me, your issue of December 6 was the hardest-hitting, most perceptive and logical that you have published. I particularly enjoyed the articles by Messrs. Farr, Futch, Meyer and Kuehnelt-Leddihn. I think these are so written that "he who runs may read" (if he will).

The article by J. D. Futch ["It's Not Over, Over There"] again arouses my distaste for people who ignorantly or deliberately refer to this country as "a democracy." Every educated person ought to know it is not. During the French Revolution they had a democracy, which was responsible for the most terrible injustices that modern history has seen. If any ignoramus wants to know why it is that our federal government is not a democracy, let him examine the President's veto power and the first ten amendments to the Constitution.

*Houston, Tex.* R. H. KELLEY

### *Theological Squabbles*

Touché for Steve Allen of New York! ["To the Editor," December 6] But while we're getting below the college textbook level, let's add that the "frightening heights [or better, depths] of ferocity" are reached "in the precise area of [Christian] theological squabbling." Not nearly such ferocity in Buddhist, Hindu, Zoroastrian or Mohammedan theological squabbling! Perhaps Mr. Allen could probe deeper for the reason for that?

*Cincinnati, Ohio* CARL R. STEINBICKER

### *Debate on John Dewey*

NATIONAL REVIEW seems to welcome the views of those who like to snipe at John Dewey (perhaps without reading him). The latest instance is the letter of Eliseo Vivas, November 22, 1958.

I make no comment on Mr. Dewey's philosophy except to say that, in one respect, it differs essentially from that of Mr. Vivas. Mr. Dewey's philosphy would forbid him to use language to an opponent which is venomous, abusive and obscene. He was a gentleman.

*La Crescenta, Cal.* KATE GORDON MOORE

*Mea culpa, mea gravissima culpa.* But unrepentant, unrepentant because the Lady Kate has not known—lucky gal—any Dewey zombies who squeak with castrati voices. But I have. How then shall I call them? "The Intellectual Lights of Christendom"? No, not that, please; not of the Christendom which they helped destroy. "The Intellectual Lights of the West"? That would be gentleman-like. But abusive of the truth.

And now, let me make a distinction. I do not snipe at JD. I found him to be a sweet and gracious man, on the occasion I met him. I war against JD's ideas. Why? Because they are venomous, since they poison minds, abusive, since they deny man's full humanity, and being v. and a. they are obscene, and should be kept off the scene. Where dump them? *Ach,* if I answer that one I shall be called you know what by you know whom. So mum's the word. But I must thank Lady Kate for letting me off so generously—"perhaps" I have read JD. Sheer waste of generosity, though. For who am I to judge whether *I* read JD or not? But I do wish my generous lady had not, and neither had any one else. No person deserves to be poisoned and abused by such menticidal obscenities. No one.

*Wilmette, Ill.* ELISEO VIVAS

### *Schumpeter and the Tide*

Apropos the review-article by Dr. Colin Clark on Dr. Galbraith's *The Affluent Society* [October 11]: The manner in which Dr. Clark brought the late Dr. Schumpeter into what apparently was supposed to be a review of the Galbraith book raises various questions. Furthermore, I would question the accuracy of Clark's major contentions in respect to Schumpeter's theories, intelligence and integrity, particularly the grounds for his statement that he regards "Schumpeter as an outstanding intellectual degenerate."

I have read much, possibly most, of Schumpeter's writings in English. I thought I knew him rather well. The common chief topics of conversation between Schumpeter and myself were socialism and currency principles. In so far as I was able to determine, he was greatly opposed to socialization; but he seemed to think the forces operating in this country were of such a nature that we probably would be taken into socialism. He was an ardent advocate, at least privately, of sound currency; but he seemed pessimistic as to whether we had, or were likely to obtain, public officials with sufficient good sense and integrity to give this nation a sound currency. Schumpeter was much more vigorous in his personal conversations with me than in his published writing; but I am not aware of anything in his extremely detached and felicitous writings which contradicts his personal statements as mentioned above.

Clark states that "Schumpeter did not call himself a Marxist. He was one of those who taught his students that Marx made many errors but that there was a great deal that was wise and good in him." In so far as I am aware, there was no reason why Schumpeter should call himself a Marxist; I have never read anything in his writings nor heard him make any statements that would indicate that he was a Marxist. In his *History*

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*of Economic Analysis* Schumpeter states: "It is not less absurd to deny that, even in Marx's most scientific work, his analysis was distorted not only by the influence of practical purposes, not only by the influence of passionate value judgments, but also by ideological delusion."

*New York City* WALTER E. SPAHR

### *Dr. Clark Replies*

I think Mr. Spahr's complaints just illustrate my point. Schumpeter was a hopeless defeatist. His writings were a constant call for inaction. The forces making for political centralization, nationalization, debasement of representative government, etc., have not been, in objective fact, so strong in the USA as he claims. But these forces have been greatly strengthened by Schumpeter's writings, and by his large body of disciples (centered upon Harvard). The idea has now gained hold that this is the "tide of events." "You cannot resist the tide of events" has always been a doctrine with a great appeal for lazy and cowardly men.

As for Schumpeter's views on Marx, your correspondent had better reread all the relevant passages, and see if he does not agree with me about this general tenor.

*Oxford, England* COLIN CLARK

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### THE IVORY TOWER

(*Continued from p.* 404)

lective bargaining and solidarity in every single union vote he remembered . . . within seconds . . . he was ranting against Section 12b of Taft-Hartley . . . [which] legalized right to work legislation on a statewide basis as long as a majority of persons in a given state vote for its adoption.

"Mr. Reuther time and again reaffirmed what he called his 'faith in the American people.' But when asked whether, if such was the fundamental insight of the American people, his powerful propaganda machine, the Committee on Political Education, was entirely necessary, he replied that Americans were 'badly' educated. (They need, we presume, Divine Guidance in making their political decisions. Reuther was willing, he said, to provide such guidance . . .)

"[Reuther] stands up before a Yale audience and preaches 'cooperation' of business and labor; while at home his UAW-supported radio announcer, Mr. Guy Nunn, preaches class war with an inflammatory style calculated to build the sort of class consciousness which would have put Karl Marx to bed with happy visions of revolution dancing in his head.

". . . the fact of the matter is, Mr. Reuther is professionally incapable of making a straight, factual reply."

The Undergraduate Lecture Committee of Yale has clearly performed a great service.

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### WHERE KHRUSHCHEV . . .

(*Continued from p.* 403)

persuaded that the experiment was exceedingly risky and would almost certainly be unproductive.

This brief account of the Soviet experiment should make it clear enough that there is nothing original about the Peiping dictatorship's venture into "pure Communism." But there is just one suggested departure from the Soviet precedent which, if the announced plans are carried out, would make the Chinese program even more dangerous than the old Khrushchev experiment. That is the proclaimed intention of the Red Chinese to militarize each and every Commune and train every able-bodied State serf as a militiaman.

Speculation is already rife in Hong Kong, with anticipatory glee, on what would happen if Peiping armed 150 million able-bodied farmers. Actually nothing has been said about arming them; but if the Reds organize that many sufficiently to drill them, some will learn to give orders, many will learn to take orders; and then, with the raiding of a store of weapons and ammunition, and the emulation of such action from Commune to Commune, what an eruption there might be! When Khrushchev was promoting "pure Communism" a decade ago, he did not provide for even make-believe soldiering in his *agrogorodi,* and the experiment was not nation-wide; yet it generated too much heat for the Kremlin. It would be fun to know what Nikita and Co. think of this amazing Chinese gamble. It seems not unlikely that they are wagging their heads and saying: "Whom the gods would destroy . . ."

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